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# SIX WEEKS' TRIP

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THROUGH INDIA :

BEING

NOTES BY THE WAY,

BY

J. FERGUSON,

JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR.

---

*(Reprinted by request from the "Ceylon Observer.")*

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WITH A COLOURED MAP OF INDIA  
AND CEYLON.

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Colombo :

A. M. & J. FERGUSON.

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1869.

1. India - Deser. and trav., 1900-1910.  
oD

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With very many thanks for  
kindness to my daughter,  
and all good wishes.

Honble Mr John Ferguson C.M.G.

London, Xmas 1913

Colombo, Ceylon.

BGT

Ferguson  
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## FOREWORD.

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THE following pages contain nothing more than is professed in the title, namely, "Notes by the Way," penned, as opportunity offered, for the benefit of the readers of a daily newspaper, and without any thought of publication in a connected form. They have been reproduced in deference to the wishes expressed in several and divers quarters, in some cases by readers in Europe who were good enough to say that seeing India through the eyes of an old tropical resident gave a new interest to much of what was narrated. Therein must be found our apology for this booklet and for any novelty connected with it, namely that the writer, though over forty years resident in "Lanka"—"the Pearl-drop on the brow of India" of the Hindoos—and, although he had twice travelled round the world in different directions,—had never before landed on the Continent of India. It is so often the case that an inspection of what is nearest at hand is put off to the last. Our sincere wish now is that all who may follow in our footsteps may have as much pleasure and profit from their trip as we did in our six weeks' tour during November-December 1901.



## “NOTES BY THE WAY.”

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*(References on their appearance in the Press.)*

“I hope you are republishing your delightful ‘Notes by the Way’ in book form.”—*E.E.G., 2nd February, 1902.*

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“Very interesting reading are the ‘Notes by the Way.’”  
—*Young Planter, Lunugala, 14th December, 1901.*

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“I specially want a copy of your Indian ‘Notes by the Way,’ as I hope to make the trip.”—*Uva Veteran, March, 1902.*”

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“We much enjoyed reading the letters from India, as they reached us, in our family circle of an evening.”—*A Planter’s Wife.*

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“I followed your journey through India with great interest.”  
—*A.L.C., Edinburgh, January, 1902.*

---

“Now that you have returned, I hope, safe and sound, I must write a wee note to congratulate you. I do not want to flatter you, but you have really excelled yourself on this trip. Such industry and fine descriptive writing ought to be a splendid example to those you left behind. What a relief it is from the pages of drivel which chronicle the achievements lately ridiculed by Kipling.”—*Old Colonist, 8th January, 1902.*



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# A Six Weeks' Trip Through India:

(BY RAIL.)

FROM TUTICORIN TO LAHORE, AND FROM  
DARJEELING BY EAST COAST, BACK AGAIN TO  
TUTICORIN.

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(In November—December, 1901.)

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NOTES BY THE WAY BY A FORTY YEARS' RESIDENT  
IN CEYLON, MAKING HIS FIRST VISIT TO INDIA.

Punctually to the minute, the s.s. "Ethiopia" (Capt. Pigott), sister ship to the s.s. "Africa" started from Colombo on her first trip to Tuticorin. Looking around the Colombo Harbour, with N. W. and N.E. Breakwaters in their unfinished state, one can judge how much more attractive it will all look when the works are complete.

A heavy bank of deep blue cloud marked the Eastern horizon as we cleared out of Colombo; but the lower hill ranges gradually came into view and added to the picturesqueness of the fast disappearing port and coast line. The passage was a comparatively smooth one; but still not enough so, to make some of us cease to look forward to the day of an Indo-Ceylon Railway. A year hence, however, it is quite possible that a daily steamer service to Paumben—a smoother passage and less trouble in getting ashore—may supersede the Colombo-Tuticorin daily service; and when the Paumben-Ramesvaram line is fully open, that ought to be a favourite route



Heavy rain fell during the night, piercing through the double awning on deck, as some of us knew to our cost. We came to an anchorage an hour before our time, and very soon the South Travancore hills came into sight, and still more interesting the distant range of North Travancore. The long low shore of the Tuticorin coast is by no means interesting, albeit broken by Hare Island, the Lighthouse and the lofty factory chimneys already smoking as the sun rose. We landed in the steam launch with a wonderfully mottled sky and cool land-breeze, and certainly landing, luggage, customs and railway arrangements—the train being met at the head of the pier—involved the minimum of trouble, a contrast in some respects for strangers to Colombo. A single anna (a penny) seemed to go as far as double that amount (10 to 15 cents) at our port, and railway travelling at the very outset appears to indicate an improvement on our island lines ; but of that I must speak later.

The rule at Railway stations throughout India, we found, was one anna for each cooly who helped with luggage to or from railway and ordinary carriage, no matter how much he carried.

The big factories and godowns of Harvey Brothers, Darley and Butler, &c., are impressive—erected on the very edge of India's shore ; but the train is waiting and I must stop this early morning scribble.

MADURA, Nov. 7, 2 p.m.

Our experience of the first hundred miles of the South of India Railway is fairly satisfactory. The travelling has averaged more than 20 miles an hour ; the carriages are well-arranged ; lavatories much roomier than on the Ceylon line ; ventilation

good; officials, chiefly natives, most attentive; and though we have had no rain, the day has been cloudy and the breeze persistently steady. We are clearly passing through a drier country than South-West Ceylon; and although this is the wet season, and nearly every available acre is under cultivation, yet every now and then we are reminded of a prevailing characteristic in

Grey aloes, thorny mimosa  
And groves of margosa!

Nevertheless, the extent of cultivated land is amazing and the famous

“BLACK SOIL OF TINNEVELLY”

—said to have produced “crops for 2,000 years without manure, irrigation or periods of fallow”! —is much in evidence along the first part of our journey. No doubt, every rood more than supports its man—its family probably—but it may be a question worth considering, how far the universal land rent impels the people to labour and make the most of every bit of land; do the universal supervision and demands of the Raj and its officers act so much like a schoolmaster to keep a primitive law-abiding people at work, or is it the superfluity of population and absolute necessity that give the necessary spur? There can be no doubt that a steadily industrious people are happier than one that scorns labour and tries not only to have a due allotment of holidays, but to seize the slightest excuse for not going to work. The prevalence of

PALMYRAS

inland from Tuticorin and the entire absence of coconuts strike the visitor from Ceylon. [Palmyra-leaf umbrellas are a feature at many of the stations.] We saw no coco palms till we neared Madura, and

then there were some very respectable groves; and around one native garden, we saw this palm planted so close as to act as a fence! We did not see much of

#### TATAPARAI

and the Ceylon Cooly Depôt in passing; but made a longer stay at Maniyachi Junction where the Tinnevely line branches off. The wonderfully fine crops of maize, at intervals along our line, testified to the richness of the soil. Crops were in all stages from the blade above the earth to the fully ripened ear of corn; and in some cases, sowing and ploughing were in hand; but evidently the heavy work in the fields were generally over, and only weeding done by women occupied many hands. On the other hand, the crowds of sleek, holiday-making coolies and better class natives at the several stations indicated, we should suppose, a good season in prospect for this part of Southern India. The ample space and verge enough occupied for the railway stations is remarkable—provision is evidently made at each for great crowds of natives, the platforms appearing to be double the width of those on the Ceylon line. Land, even though cultivated, was probably not valued so high as with us.

#### THE PULNEY HILLS

with Kodikanal are 40 miles ahead of Madura. Low grey and anon reddish (probably cabook) hills have filled part of the foreground in front of the much higher blue Tinnevely range. Being the rainy season all is green on the plains with numerous streams, lakelets and small tanks half-enclosed usually. We passed through one deep cutting of cabook, from which the railway evidently gets a lot of its ballast; and close by rose a great mass of rock—grey granite—quite a large rocky hill, with

temple and pinnacles on vantage points. We should say that

#### CROPS

must promise well this season throughout Tinnevely and Madura. A dozen stations or so, and passing "Tiruparankundram," we arrive at

#### MADURA

by 2-30 p.m. and stop for tiffin. Here we were kindly met by Messrs. Chandler and Holton of the American Mission to know if we could stop off; but we postponed availing of their hospitable invitation till our return. So we can say nothing now of the wonders of Madura. All we saw was a great amount of railway material indicative of the Extension to Paumben which will bring Madura so very near to Ceylon. We can speak favourably of Spence & Co.'s Refreshment Rooms; at Tuticorin, an old traveller put us up to buying our tiffin and dinner tickets (for Madura and Trichinopoly) because the number of ticket-holders is telegraphed on and the charge is less to them. Certainly our luncheon here was a wonderfully liberal (and well-cooked) one for a rupee each. Leaving Madura we crossed

#### THE VIGAY RIVER

full and yellow enough to be the Maha-oya, or rather the Kelani, in flood. The fine, arched, stone bridge over it for town purposes, attracted attention.

Leaving Madura, we drew steadily near the mountains—the Pulney range at last—and 25 miles on came to a station called

#### AMMAYANAYKANUR,

where travellers bound for the hill station of Kodikanal (over 7,000 feet high) usually leave the train. This place is embowered in trees, chiefly

*figus* and *acacia*, backed by a full tank, and the sight of the mountains close by is very refreshing. We have been gradually rising higher on the line and our speed is less. I forgot to mention how very homelike some of the farm-steadings—if we may so speak—struck us to be :—A tiled structure in the centre surrounded by thatched cottages or barns, and the hay-ricks or corn-stacks nicely trimmed close by.

5 P.M.—We are over our climb and are now running down at a good rate to Dindigul, cultivated fields backed by hills being on each side of us. The Dindigul rock fortress is a striking object in the landscape. We are now about 1,000 feet above sea-level, and Dindigul is comparatively cool. A range of hills rising to 4,000 feet above sea-level lies to the East.—And now darkness comes before we reach the bustling big station of Trichinopoly.

MADRAS, NOV. 8.

Our night journey was a pleasantly cool one, heavy rain falling for hours together. It is remarkable how little we have noticed the change from our Ceylon 5½ feet to a metre (3 feet 3 inches) gauge. In some respects the South Indian Railway carriages are more commodious than those in Ceylon—they certainly seem quite as wide. But as our train evidently tried to make up time, or ran at extra speed, the swaying and shaking of the carriages troubled one a good deal more than on similar Ceylon sections. Early morning brought us a country more fitted for pasturage than cultivation, and palmyras more than coconuts distinguished the route up to the city. Here it was pleasant to be met in the early morning by two former members of the *Ceylon Observer* staff, now holding important business positions in the city.

We are leaving the "doing" of "Madras" till our return; but a few hours suffice to give an idea of the great extent of this city of nearly half-a-million people—much more than Colombo, a place of magnificent distances; for the residential bungalows are surrounded by far larger compounds, the different divisions of the town are much more apart and the comparison altogether is of an area of 11 to 12 square miles for Colombo to one of 27 for Madras. The Railway Station at which we arrived is a very poor affair; a new one is to be built immediately. But the

#### "CENTRAL STATION"

from which we start this afternoon for Bombay is really worthy of "the third city of India" and might well form a model for the long-expected Central Colombo Station. The abundant rains have made everything delightfully green in this usually very dry neighbourhood. The number of old-fashioned palanquin carriages—almost discarded now in Colombo—strike one as remarkable.

#### MOUNT ROAD

is an avenue of a width, shadiness and length incomparably superior to anything our capital in Ceylon can show, and some of the buildings—Government House, Law Courts, Senate House, etc.—are superior; but Colombo has a great advantage in having so many attractive blocks of buildings and offices grouped together in the Fort division, though perhaps the public and mercantile offices here facing the harbour—such as it is—or sea-beach, have the advantage in sea-breeze. As to

#### HOTELS

there is no comparison, Madras being far behind Colombo. In Electric Tramways, Madras came before Colombo; but there is no gas, and little or no

electric lighting. The extent to which coolies are substituted for bullocks, in carts conveying goods, is much greater than with us, and beggars abound at every turn. On the other hand, far more evidences of native generosity towards the poor strike one in resting-places, rest-stands for loads, fountains, choultries, etc.—A sign-board near a Church in Mount Road might with advantage be copied in Colombo to enable work to be sent to the deserving. It runs

“FRIEND-IN-NEED WOMEN’S WORKSHOP.”

Fort St. George is a great and extensive feature in the heart of Madras, and the Governor’s residence, with its spacious grounds, is far above comparison with the huddled-up “Queen’s House” of Colombo. Churches (and cemeteries) are a feature in the town. Such are a few of the impressions of a first drive; although I really ought to be silent until I had formed a closer acquaintance with the City and its surroundings.

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RAICHUR, Forenoon of 9th Nov.

Raichur is associated with a first sight of picturesque-looking Policemen employed along the line in dark or light blue uniform with yellow bands of facings and handsome turban, fine useful-looking men—perhaps now in their cold-weather uniform. Our journey of 350 miles

FROM MADRAS

has occupied some 15 hours, including stoppages, for which it seems this Madras line is famous above all others in India. During the night we had evidently climbed a good deal; for in the early morning at Gooty—when “chota hazri” was handed in—the air felt keen and bracing enough to indicate a hill station; but nowhere could I get an idea

of the elevation. Neither Guard nor Stationmaster could tell, though the former guessed it might be about 1,000 feet as the next station was, he knew, the highest on the line. And this reminds me of a cause of complaint with

MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK FOR INDIA,"

it gives so little general information about the stations and towns *en route*. Legendary and historical information abounds; every old fort, or temple, or battle-field is described; but there is little or nothing besides—nothing about the people, their industries, character of the soil and crops; and although the distance of each station from Madras or Bombay is carefully given, nothing is said about altitude. As regards soil, I see that in the map of

"GEOLOGICAL FEATURES,"

the whole of Southern India and Ceylon is put down as "Archæan" (gneiss, schists, etc.), except Jaffna and an adjacent slice which are "Alluvial" and parts of the S. E. coast up to Madras which are "Alluvial" or "Basaltic." And on a Basaltic region we now enter and continue right up to and beyond Bombay. But there are, of course, considerable local peculiarities.—First, however, I should tell you that we dined last night at Arkonam, where several local lines meet, and then, passing by Cuddapah, to the North of Mysore, at Gooty and Guntakal, we had a foretaste of the

BLACK COTTON SOIL

of the Deccan, albeit the appearance here was poor, as if unable to carry heavy crops. At

GUNTAKAL JUNCTION

five lines converge—that to Madras and Bombay respectively, a line due South to Bangalore, one



Westward to Bellary and Goa, and one Eastward to Bezwada and the coast. We had a lively time and quite an hour's stay at this Junction; for a native Regiment, with all its impedimenta, was on the way to Secunderabad, and the women and children—chiefly Muhammadans, though with some Hindus and groups of Eurasians—pretty well filled the available platform space, squatting, cooking and chatting. Our train next ran down, Northwards to Adonis, one of the principal cotton-growing centres in the Deccan, far extending plains of black soil and cotton crops (with evidence of the application of manures in bulk), being dotted at intervals, by masses of loose crags and boulders, later on to develop into the castellated summits so characteristic of the Deccan. We soon cross into the territory of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and at Raichur, where we breakfast—as I mentioned at the outset—we are 350 miles from Madras and at the end of this Company's railway system. Being on the 5½ ft. gauge, a better speed has been kept up than on the S. I. R., but otherwise for passengers there is not much to choose between these lines. Soon after leaving Raichur, we cross the Kistna river on a grand iron bridge, some 3,800 feet long or ¾ of a mile. Very little water was running, showing that this part of the country has not as yet shared in the rains which have fallen so freely to the South and East. But the Kistna must be a magnificent sight when running full to the banks. We are now apparently running down hill and have already begun to feel how hot this part of India can be, even at the beginning of a so-called "cold season." We shall not be sorry to get within reach of sea air again. Altogether we crossed about 200 miles of

## HYDERABAD

territory, and were not at all favourably impressed by it, and very glad by 4 p.m. to leave it behind. A great part of it proved light, almost sandy soil, scrubby with the thorny mimosa, very poor pasturage for the herds of cattle and goat-like sheep; while the stations stopped at were uninteresting. At Wadi, however, we noted the Nizam's State Railway and carriages, which here forms a junction; and farther on at Shahabad we came on famous limestone quarries, of which there was abundance of evidence in blocks, slabs, etc., etc., on every side—evidently quite a large industry with a colony of workers, probably under European supervision. Gulbarga is rather an important town stretching from the station, and in the old Fort is one of the finest old Pathan mosques modelled after the great mosque of Cordova, Spain; but we did not stay over to see this. At the next station, Hotji, we came on the Southern Mahratta Railway running to Bijapur, and then at

## SHOLAPUR

we entered once again into British territory and found everything, even the aspect of nature more cheerful and attractive. Here we are 283 miles from Bombay at which we are due to arrive at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. Sholapur has its old Fort—indeed the country traversed today has been the scene of much fighting in the old Deccan days—probably every valley or plain has had its battle and every stream (they are precious few) or hill fort its song. The wild Mahratta horsemen knew how to “plunder and ravish” as well as any Highland “Mactavish” in the brave days of old, when men

here, as in Scotland, followed the simple rule of the clans that he

Should take who had the power,

And he should keep who can.

Sholapur and its neighbourhood have been greatly improved by modern irrigation works undertaken during the famine of 1878-80, by which a lake six miles long was formed, and channels, which irrigate some 11,000 acres. There are also useful Water-works and a fine Cotton Mill. A British Collector has his headquarters here.

## IN BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, Nov. 11.

Rudyard Kipling calls Bombay

### “THE QUEEN OF INDIAN CITIES”

and with much justification. We had no conception of its mingled grandeur and interest. The native town with its variety of architecture—no two buildings alike—and kaleidoscopic movement of life, is simply entrancing. We can recall the Cairo of forty years ago, when as yet there was no foreign element, and at every turn we were met by illustrations of the “Arabian Nights” and noted every degree of Bedouin and Turk. But native Bombay has an infinitely greater variety of race to show, and their picturesque attires during this holiday season are simply bewilderingly dissimilar. I have been accustomed to refer visitors to our Pettah Main Street and adjacent markets for an interesting display of varied oriental races and dress. But Colombo at its best, or Madras, is not to be compared with Bombay; and in place of a few hours, one might spend days here in driving through the different quarters and watching the facade of the

many-storied buildings, residences and shops, the contents of the latter and the crowds of different races, castes and tongues doing business in the great, as in the lesser, thoroughfares. The predominance or rather the prevalence of Parsees, in different quarters of the town, has surprised me. They do not number more than 55,000 out of 900,000, and yet they seem to be well-nigh ubiquitous. They are, of course, a very busy and a very wealthy community; but there are many poor, though always industrious, people amongst them. We do not envy them, their mode of disposing of their dead, and the "towers of silence" and attendant vultures were inspected, but only at a respectful distance.—Malabar Hill is, notwithstanding, a delightful residential quarter and a fine row of Parsee mansions—some of them palaces—far outshone any of the villas or bungalows occupied by Europeans. The Governor's residence in this quarter is especially modest—an ordinary bungalow—and the grounds limited; but the situation is delightful and never have we seen a public road more delightfully bordered and banked by ferns, dwarf palms, creepers, plants of colours, etc., than that along Malabar Hill which, along with the garden on the plateau, is indeed

"A thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Carriages were numerous along the route containing the fashion and society of Bombay, the Parsee ladies again with dazzling silks—green, pink, red, and blue being common—and delicate features, being most observed. But more interesting was it to find how fully occupied the long beach road, facing Back Bay, was of an evening, the promenade being crowded, in many cases by the occupants of carriages which moved alongside; and here again the

Parsee community made by far the greater part of the show. We have often truly said in Colombo that nothing can excel our maidan, Galle Face, and its carriage drive and promenade, facing as they do an ocean which sweeps uninterruptedly thence to the antarctic regions—the South Pole. But Colombo has no such beach for people, and children especially, to disport themselves on, as is found at Back Bay, Bombay. Of course, there is an appreciable tide, uncovering a considerable extent of shelving beach at Bombay, and the fact that Back Bay is free of steamer or other traffic adds greatly to the value of its share as a place of recreation morning and evening. Colaba, at the other end of the Bay, has many of the residential advantages of Malabar Hill, but no rising ground. “The Afghan Memorial Church” here is interesting; but considering its magnificent public buildings—of which I have yet to speak—Bombay is rather behind in its Churches. On the morning of our arrival we went to the Church next door to our Hotel, the old St. Andrew’s Kirk, where the minister, Mr. Henderson, gave an excellent address—‘vera soun’ but rather dry, as a Scot might say to a small congregation (perhaps owing to the holidays) apart from a company of soldiers. The earnest Calcutta Missioner, Mr. Bowman (so well-known in Colombo) was occupying the cathedral, where in the evening he had a crowded congregation, and a farewell meeting of some 200 young men at the Y.M.C.A. The present home of this institution, in a delightful situation, is but a temporary one, and although a large amount has been collected for a new building, yet so far the Directors have not secured a suitable site; for the present one cannot be built on save at a prohibitory ground rent I understand.

While on such matters I must refer to a delightful and interesting visit we paid by invitation to the American Mission House here (the Board of Foreign Missions as in Jaffna and Madura) where we renewed acquaintance with Dr. Abbot, but were sorry to miss his sister who has instituted an industrial movement of great importance to help native widows who have been left destitute by plague or famine, taking such in and teaching them work which will enable them to earn a living. Dr. Abbot has a training-class for students, and his work extends outside of Bombay. Closely associated with Miss Abbott is Miss Millard who has started the first

#### SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

at any rate in Western India—indeed is there another in all the Continent save the Palamcottah (C.M.S.) School for Deaf and Dumb and Blind? The progress made by the twenty-five scholars we heard read and sing both in English and Marathi was quite wonderful, considering the short time since the school was started, and only funds are wanted to greatly extend its usefulness. A large institution of long-standing and great importance is the school for boys and girls (boarders chiefly) under the care of the Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Hume of the same Mission. The several arrangements, the splendid singing of the large gathering of the young men and women were most interesting. To a certain select number of girl-pupils Mrs. Hume (a member of the Chandler family, famous in S. India Missions) has taught fine art-work in embroidery, in gold and silver work, in flowers, &c., making the designs herself, and the result is equal to the best North India work—in some respects superior—and is beginning to attract wide attention

and many orders. I heard a great deal about the School for Famine Boys conducted outside Bombay by Mr. Hume whom we were sorry to be unable to meet. But we had the pleasure of meeting again the Rev. F. S. Hatch, of Christian Endeavour fame, who had worked up, slowly but carefully, through Travancore and Southern India, and never missed an engagement or had an hour's illness. He was busy in Bombay about a Convention shortly to assemble. It was also very pleasant to meet again Dr. Rutter Williamson of Lahore, who is about to give himself to medical mission work, probably in a district South of Bombay occupied by an American Mission where qualified medical aid is required.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of philanthropic, industrial, as well as thoroughly Christian, work at present done in West India is through the directing agency of the

#### HINDU LADY, RAMABAI,

near Poona. We have always considered it one of the greatest privileges of our life in Colombo to have under our roof-tree, for a few hours or days as the case may be, men who will by-and-bye be ranked, even by the ordinary historian, as among the greatest of the past century. We refer to George Muller of Bristol on his all-round-the-world trip, Dr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Meyer of Westminster, General Booth and some more. [We do not believe in the latter's system for foreign Mission work; that "lads and lasses" should be put to learn a difficult oriental tongue, and too often to work in interference with older work, and so we have told the General and Commissioner Tucker to their face; but there can be no doubt of the vast importance of the S. A. for slum work

in great English-speaking cities and Colonial capitals.] Well, Ramabai works precisely on the same faith principles as Geo. Muller who never asked any man for aid, but trusted to prayer, and never was left without the wherewithal for the hundreds, if not thousands, of children who filled his Bristol Homes. Ramabai suffered as a famine waif herself; and she was rescued, educated, became a devoted Christian and has now found her life-work in a settlement for the feeding, teaching, and training to useful and remunerative habits of industry of famine girls. We have said she never asks for money, but at intervals she publishes a Report and Accounts (duly audited) that subscribers may know what is done with their money. Religious instruction is her first object; but she has teachers and classes to teach all kinds of work: weaving, sewing, knitting, making baskets, mats, fans, gardening or agricultural work, etc. The elder girls and girl-widows who have been longest in the place teach the others, and there are 1,700 to 2,000 girls rescued from famine districts in Ramabai's Home, Mukti, Kedgaon, near Poona, and money comes from all parts of the world, chiefly England and America, the cost of each girl for a year being Rs. 63, or with all the teaching, accessories, etc., about Rs. 105 (£7). Only from George Muller's pen have we ever before read a Report so touching in its simple narrative of facts and self-denying work as Ramabai gives her readers.

#### BOMBAY AND THE DEVALI HOLIDAYS.

To return to the every-day appearance of this wonderful city: we have been unfortunate, and yet lucky, in arriving here just as the four or five days of Devali holiday followed on the King's Birthday. Unlucky, because we have missed seeing several business friends—journalists, bankers and



others—who are out of town; and fortunate in seeing native holiday-making and illuminations at their best. We should not have missed last night's drive through the principal native streets, all lit up with parti-coloured oil lamps or wonderful displays of incandescent gas, or occasionally electric light, for a great deal. The streets were crowded with people, the tram-cars crowded—they are pulled by horses and altogether behind the age, for a city like Bombay,—apart from the long line of carriages and gharries; and yet in our outing from 8:30 to 10 p.m. we saw no disturbance, while blocks were prevented by police patrols on horseback as well as the ordinary policemen. An American friend of wide experience declared he had never seen a city so illuminated before—he had seen solitary buildings and exhibition courts lit up in great style; but never miles of streets and houses, some of them five or six stories, with the quaintest architectural lines and yet all pleasing to the eye.

One consequence of the holidays is that newly-arrived passengers are kept for days in Bombay, waiting till the Banks are open! No money can be got and no business done. We should have felt the pinch, were it not for the courtesy of Thomas Cook & Son who here do a very large business. Another office that impressed me is that of

#### P. & O. COMPANY,

and we suppose Bombay is its most important agency. The National Bank of India has about the finest edifice, to judge by the outside—no admssion for days together, under law! and some other links with Colombo are the grand display in a fine building made by Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co., while near our hotel I discovered the compact,

bright and attractive store of Thompson, Thomas & Co., who seem to be catching on with Australian provisions, etc. It is strange that Bombay has no

#### RICKSHAWS

(unlike Madras and, we believe, Calcutta, apart from Colombo). They should suit admirably here, especially in the business parts of the city, where the distances between offices and public buildings are too much for a walk and not enough for a carriage.

But now to turn to one of the greatest features of Bombay, its magnificent range of

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Calcutta is called the "City of Palaces" and no doubt we shall see a grand show there; but it is impossible for any other town in the East, to show such a setting, and such a frontage for its buildings as we find here. We give the palm to the

#### UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AND TOWER

designed by that master of Gothic and consummate architect, Sir Gilbert Scott. It is in the style of 14th century Gothic, and its tower 260 feet high, with 24 life-like figures representing the castes or races of Western India, is a marvel. The Government and Presidential Secretariats, the High Courts of Justice, Post and Telegraph offices, are all in keeping, but we have neither time nor space for description. Of course we have been in the finest Railway Station in India--perhaps in the world--that of the G. I. P. Railway erected at a cost of £300,000 to the Company; and we had a great treat by chance, while passing, in going casually into the fruit market; for, apart from a very varied and notable display from apples to grapes, figs, peaches, &c., a great part was given up to flowers of every description, gathered in from

all the country and gardens round, to be strung as garlands for use in the Devali holiday, every native family of respectability using such.

But we must stop, to get ready to start by night train for Jeypore, and time would fail to tell you of Girgaum, Byculla and Mazagon with its Docks and Mills. Nor have I been able to refer to the several splendid Colleges, notably the Wilson, Elphinstone and Alexandra, to the Town Hall, the commodious Sailors' Home, the several Hospitals, Statues and Fountains. Let any one wanting a pleasant and most interesting holiday travel from Colombo to Bombay—a fortnight may cover all that is necessary—and I am certain there will be no disappointment.

Travelling North from Bombay, Nov. 13.

In speaking of Bombay having only 50,000 to 55,000 Parsis out of its total population of 800,000 to 850,000, it is interesting to note that there are quite as many Christians as Parsis; 27,000 Jains; a few hundreds returned as “Buddhists;” over 5,000 Jews, besides the 160,000 Muhammadans and over half a million Hindus. Christianity is undoubtedly making notable strides in Western India, and it was interesting to find a Jaffna graduate holding a leading place in one of the largest Mission Educational Establishments. He is one of the type, of whom Bishop Thoburn said he would be glad to have 300 to 400, to utilise in Mission and Educational work in Northern and Central India.

At our Bombay Hotel it was interesting to hear an American lady (who is on her way round the world) casually remark during a conversation on tea, that there could be no doubt the

#### CHICAGO EXHIBITION

did a great deal to bring “CEYLON TEA” to the notice of the American people,—that she for one had

never ceased since then to have Ceylon tea in her house, although she knew nothing about it before.

Our departure from Bombay for the North was from the Colaba Station of the "Bombay and Baroda and Central India Railway," familiarly spoken of as the "B. B." line. We stop at a series of suburban stations, cross by a causeway from the Island of Bombay to that of Salsette, the country offering a continuous succession of villages and coconut groves. There are several interesting points on the route as Bassein, Surat, Broach (with the river Nerbudda a mile in width) and Baroda, the capital of the Mahratta State of the Gaekwar, which, covering a third of the area of Ceylon, has a population of 2½ millions. Still more interesting is the ancient town of

#### AHMEDABAD

but our plans would only permit us to have a brief glimpse of it. As an intelligent Parsi gentleman—a contractor on the "B. B." line, whom we accosted later on and had an interesting talk with—explained, the Muhammadan architecture of Ahmedabad differs from that of Delhi, Agra, &c. The latter belongs peculiarly to the Moguls; while the former is more local and quite distinct. Murray ranks Ahmedabad as "next to Delhi and Agra for the beauty and extent of its architectural remains." the first offering an interesting and striking example of the combination of Hindu and Mohammadan forms. Alack-a-day one cannot overtake everything, and we must pass by the Mosques and Tombs of this rare old town which, in 1615, Sir Thomas Roe described as "a goodly city as large as London" then was. We exchange the broad for the narrow (metre) gauge at Ahmedabad and cross the Sabarmati river quite close to the Shahi Bagh, the fine "garden-house" residence of the

Commissioner of the Division. Here, the one bridge is made to carry the two gauges as well as a footway for pedestrians. At Sabarmati, the broad-gauge line, however, turns Westward for Kattywar, while our metre goes North to Jeypore and Delhi. We have a long journey of the whole day and night before reaching the former place. On the whole we found the country well cultivated, and the small fields and hedgerows, bounding each as a rule, give a homelike look to many parts. Our Parsi friend gave us a woe-ful account of the country's prospects owing to failure of rainfall ; but many growing crops of cotton and tobacco appeared to be flourishing. He must have referred to the grain crops due later on, as he said no more rain could be expected till July next ! This attentive casual acquaintance brought our party at the next station, a delightful bouquet of Guzerat flowers, chiefly deliciously scented roses, before taking his leave on return to Ahmedabad.

We were much amused along the line here at different points by

#### TROOPS OF MONKEYS :

they seemed quite indifferent to the train—whole families of a large grey kind, grouping on trees or in nullahs quite close to the line. Our attention was first called to them by fellow-travellers, a British officer (and wife) who gave us a good deal of information, the fruit of his 12 years in India, before we parted at Ahmedabad, he going Westward and Southward to his station, Rajkot, in South-West Guzerat. It took us quite to the afternoon to traverse the Gaekwar's territory—generally flat and cultivated—which we did soon after tiffin at Palanpur. Before this we came to

## UNJHA STATION

in connection with which Murray reports :—

“A town in the Baroda territory of 11,287 inhabitants and headquarters of Kadawa-kunbis, a peculiar caste of agriculturists. Marriages among them take place but once in 11 years when every girl over 40 days old must be married on one or other of the days fixed. Should no husband be found, a proxy bridegroom is sometimes set up and married to a number of girls who immediately enter a state of nominal widowhood until an eligible suitor presents himself when a second marriage takes place.”\*

Next came

## SIDHPUR

on the North bank of the Sarasvati river, very much like the Deduru-oya, but with a large number of people in the bed of the river, bathing in pools or otherwise disporting themselves.

## ABU ROAD STATION

overlooked by Mount Abu is an attractive spot, and the trip to the plateau, some 16 miles off, and inspection of the Jain temples are particularly interesting. We could not stay over and had to content ourselves with a good look at the country.† A little

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\* In Balfour's "Cyclopædia of India" it is mentioned that, among the Kadawa-kunbis, when a suitable match for a girl cannot be found, she is married to a bunch of flowers which is afterwards thrown into a well and she enters into widowhood until remarriage; or she is married to a married man, on the agreement that he divorce her on the completion of the ceremony, and she can then, as a divorced woman, remarry.

† How great the change in this corner of India and Rajputana generally, since the days of Colonel Tod whose book on "Rajasthan" written 100 years ago is one of the truest and most interesting of annals; and this is what he says of the desolate state of a country now opened up by railway, populous and prosperous :—

“Nature herself, so prolific in these regions, is rapidly covering the glories of the Pramaras with an impenetrable veil. The silence of desolation reigns among these magnificent shrines, and the once populous streets which religion and commerce united to fill with wealthy votaries are now occupied by the tiger and the boar, and

later, we dined at Nana, and then passed a rather disagreeable night from the rocking of the narrow-gauge carriages, owing, apparently, to the rough state of the roadway, sadly in need of ballast; for, at times, the running was smooth enough, even when the speed did not slacken. But the rapid rocking motion murdered sleep for most of the night, and the sooner the large quantities of ballast, we saw in preparation about Mount Abu, are applied, the better. At early dawn, however, we had to prepare to leave the train

#### AT JEYPORE

which we reached by 6-17 a.m. (Madras Observatory time rules the Railway all through India, and often differs from local time.) As usual there was the flock of coolies to seize luggage which is customary at most Indian stations, and we were simultaneously besieged by the bawling touts of two rival hotels. We had decided beforehand for Rustom's Family Hotel, which seems to be the favourite, clean and well-provided, with an attentive Parsi proprietor-manager; but even after we had taken our seats in the hotel conveyance, the despairing rival tout exclaimed:—"Well, at least you might read over this one certificate"—evidently a paper calculated to work a change at the last moment. It had been cold in the night—a change from a very hot day—and now this early morning drive took us through deliciously bracing air in approaching the well-favoured and peculiarly healthy capital of one of the most prosperous and advancing States of Rajputana.

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the scarcely more civilized Bhil.—Here, with all the wonders of Aboo, Tarangi, and Chandravat around us, the one fallen, the other fast sinking into decay, we can speculate upon the Hindu doctrine of the destruction of worlds and the passions of their lordly inhabitants. These roads, once crowded with caravans of commerce and of pilgrims, or resounding to the tramp of the war-horse, are now little trodden save by the foot of the savage Koli, who finds shelter amidst his own indigenous woods and rocks."

## IN JAIPUR (JEYPORE).

Nov. 14th and 15th.

Jeypore, or more properly Jaipur, is 15,000 square miles in area—three-fifths of Ceylon—with a population of about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  millions, and the present Maharajah is well-known as an enlightened, liberal ruler, fond of field sports, especially tiger hunting. The capital is the seat of a British Resident (at present Mr. H. V. Cobb, I.C.S.) for whom we had been favoured with a letter of introduction, which was responded to very handsomely, all needful orders to see the Palace (some parts not opened to ordinary visitors), one of the State Carriages and an Elephant with howdah, to overcome the climb to Amber, being placed at our disposal. For here, we have the peculiarity that there is

## AN ANCIENT—AN ABANDONED—CAPITAL

as well as a modern, occupied one, to visit, and only a few miles apart from each other. Amber was the capital up to 1728, when the then Maharajah, very famous as well as learned, decided, in accordance with Rajput tradition and certain observations pointing to a “lucky time,” to found a new metropolis, and abandon Amber. The new city—Jeypore or Jaipur—is now a place exceeding 150,000, the population of Colombo, situated in a valley surrounded on all sides but one by abruptly rising hills with mostly scarped sides, surmounted by forts—one of which is the notable “Tiger Fort”—and all commanding the town. A crenelated wall of red masonry encloses the city which is entered by seven gates and a more attractive, picturesque place, in its streets and bazaars, always lively and crowded, does not exist in India. Our hotel being outside the city,



a carriage drive in the forenoon with a keen dry air, a bright and even hot sun—the hotel-keeper says we are only 320 feet higher than Bombay, although 700 miles distant—brought us into the specially wide main streets—111 feet, it is said—with their paved sidewalks and regular gas lamps; but, above all, face to face with the peculiar Hindu architecture and coloured buildings of Jeypore. All the houses are of stone, plastered and then tinted a dull pink, with designs in white—on the outside, be it remembered—and the effect is curious though garish. There is a great deal of wall space, for the openings—so-called windows or lattice work—are comparatively few and small. Below,

#### THE SCENE IS VERY LIVELY

in this almost purely Hindu city. There is a certain limited number of Muhammadans—the working women of whom are distinguished as wearing trousers to their ankles with draped cloth above, while the ordinary Hindus wear very full petticoats and all alike have a cloth thrown over their heads. The rows of boutiques or bazaars seem interminable: on the wide pavement, all manner of operations are going on: the different grains are being brought out in heaps and chaff or dust is got rid of in the usual oriental way by throwing the grain into the air. Pottery, brassware, jewellery of the more ordinary kinds, beads, and cloths overflow the boutiques into the pavements and little Rajput boys and girls dance along. The vast majority are worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, vegetarians, and with them are the Hindu Jains who worship their god Buddha, but after a different fashion to our Buddhists. But the Maharajah himself and the chief Rajputs—the soldier-class especially—are

worshippers of the goddess Kali, and as such are meat-eaters quite as much as the Muhammadans.\*

Our first call was at

#### THE SCHOOL OF ART

and we were delighted with the thoroughly practical as well as admirable work being done there. There was a Hindu foreman or instructor in each department: forging and tempering armour, or other iron work; varieties of brass and carpentry work and carving under native guidance; breaking and powdering the stone—Jeypore State is famous for its marbles—for glazed pottery and other fine work; the class of designers and drawing classes—all native teachers so far as we saw—a class of tiny Hindu boys learning English and Persian; then special work in weaving, embroidery and, above all, enamel work for which Jeypore has always been famous. The old Hindu whom we found laying enamel of gold and precious stones on tiny cups was the representative of generations of workers in the one line. Asked through our guide, if his son was

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\* It is said of a recent French traveller, M. Chevrillon, that he found, at Jeypoor,—a city still presenting an admirable picture of the old life of independent states. It is still a land of feudal barons and armed retainers, of hermits and monasteries, full of the gay life of a picturesque and diversified society. The cultivated Hindu prince, in whose ruined and long-deserted palace of Amber, a kid is still daily sacrificed to the goddess Kali, has founded at Jeypoor a college, a museum, a school of technical education. —The French visitor found this education superimposed upon the life of the streets, which seemed to him a “monde d’opérette, monde de rêve,” with its lords and warriors, painted dogs, hunting leopards, falcons, gay caparisoned horses, elephants, camels, peacocks, its fanciful houses, its “temples of the sun” and “palaces of the winds” and “gates of rubies,” its open-air shops where little gods are made and sold, its child-like and cheerful people, its women who entreat the god for children in the temple before the world-old symbol of Siva.

being trained to succeed him, we learnt his sons had died, but he was to adopt and train nephews, beside, we suppose, doing his duty by outside pupils. Altogether here was a most successful combination of art, technical and industrial classes chiefly following native methods with teachers inheriting hundreds of years of experience; but guided and aided in many respects by European planning and direction—in arranging departments, providing material and above all in instituting

#### A SHOW-ROOM

where the outcome of the work-places is all displayed and priced, ready for visitors to make their purchases. We selected some specimens of brass and porcelain and came away much edified by all we had seen. The School is placed in quite a handsome commodious building, the Maharajah taking a special interest in its progress. We have no doubt that later on we shall see, in British territory, schools even better arranged in which everything is being done to revive and maintain old native industries. If it were possible to add a branch to our Technical College for old native arts and industries and to have a permanent convenient show-room in Colombo, we should think the whole would be a success and would cost very little to Government. During, perhaps, our only interview with Sir Arthur Havelock—who had just returned from a visit to Northern India,—His Excellency referred to the industry in brass and other metals he had seen, which he wanted to have introduced into Ceylon, and more than once asked if we would give his scheme our support. We replied that, of course, any such proposal could not fail of support from all intelligent members of the community, though there might be differences

in working out details. We expected to see a scheme brought forward at the opening of Council soon after. But there was nothing and never again was reference made to it. We fancy Sir Arthur Havelock discovered how much had already been attempted in Kandy, and was afraid to venture on an extended experiment, beyond what he found to be continued and encouraged through the Kandy Kachcheri. But with a Colombo Technical College in existence, the case of adding further Working Departments to revive and maintain native industries, and introduce improvements, should be regarded in a different light altogether.

We were next taken to the

#### JEWELLER TO THE MAHARAJAH

to see his stock of local work in enamelled jewellery, in mounting garnets, turquoises, amethysts—which are the stones chiefly found here. The jeweller—a very fine-looking “Hindu of the Jain caste” (as the guide expressed it) had, of course, gems of many lands and in all degrees; but those peculiar to Jaipur and the local work did not strike us as specially attractive. [A reference made here—as on other occasions and in other places—to our coming from “Lanka” excited interest, our island being readily associated with Ravana and the story of Rama and Sita. We were asked if there was a temple to Sita; and again, if demons still existed in Lanka; while, of course, monkeys with their King “Hanuman” of old, must swarm all over our island. But, assuredly, we have seen more monkeys in and around Jaipur—great big, grey solemn-looking ones—than ever we did in Ceylon.] The head jeweller was more practical: he wanted to know about Lanka’s pearls, sapphires, rubies and cat’s-eye stones.

**Our next visit was to a great**

**CARPET-WEAVING AS WELL AS BRASS-WORKING**

establishment, the head of which had travelled as far as Ceylon and was anxious to open a business connection with Colombo. But for his carpets, he is for some time under a contract with a New York House, and the prices seemed very high, averaging R10 per square yard. It was marvellous to note the simplicity, and dexterity, of the working of the weavers, many of them bright little lads, one reading out from the design and the other responding as he put in the particular colour thread. Such a winding through narrow, twisted passages and up long steps—to get at these establishments! The Maharajah's jeweller especially did not care about appearances, nor a front shop view! While we were with him and his only son who is to succeed him, there arrived two handsome-looking, full-black-bearded Hindus—giving one more the idea of soldier Rajputs—but they turned out to be Bankers of the same “Jain” sect, who had thus personally called with an invitation for their friend to some grand feast. They produced a list of the intended guests, and the jeweller ticked off his own name and handed it back with the needful salaams, all in the most business-like fashion.

With a look through some of the bazaars and a visit to the Maharajah's tigers—some half a dozen old and young, all of a good size; but two or three had recently died, ended our first forenoon in Jaipur.

In the afternoon, we were driven in one of the “Raj carriages” to see over the

**MAHARAJAH'S PALACE,**

only partially occupied by His Highness and family. It is situated in the centre of the city, and covers,

with its gardens and pleasure grounds, one-seventh of the entire area, the whole being surrounded by a high wall. One of the first things pointed out inside the gates was a handsome building in the centre of the square before the palace, which had only just been completed, being a banquetting hall, durbar, &c., specially erected to be ready for the Viceroy when he visits Jaipur. There is a gallery inside for European ladies; while the ladies of the Palace will look down from carved latticed windows opposite the new structure. Lord Curzon may feel a little shy of this visit; for, as an irresponsible young man, he wrote rather disrespectfully, in one of his books, of Jaipur, calling it a "plaster humbug," referring to the stucco-covered and tinted buildings. [It is rather curious now to recall some of the Viceroy's writings when no one anticipated his present high office for him. For instance, he contributed a special "Frontier Chapter" to Mr. Caine's "Picturesque India" which undoubtedly has a special interest as being from the pen of a future Viceroy.] Of the wonders of the palace itself, much need not be said, because they were so greatly eclipsed in our estimation, so far as halls and apartments are concerned, by what we saw in the old Palace at Amber on the following day. Still, the white marble of the Maharajah's Private Hall of Audience was very striking; the Armoury was very varied and full of interest to those so inclined; the late ruler, it seems, was a great billiard player and fitted out special buildings accordingly; his successor prefers tiger-hunting and we were shewn quite a roomful of his trophies, chiefly tiger skins, while several stuffed animals seemed of a large size; endless galleries and marble rooms approached by inclines at such a gradient that horses (from among the 300 in the

stables, which we afterwards viewed) can be led up to the roof of some of the buildings; and then the gardens—full of fruit and flowering trees and shrubs—finished our round. Alligators and monkeys are taken care of, the latter allowed to feed on the oranges, custard apples and, perhaps, mangoes in season; but we saw one clever contrivance for saving and ripening fruit by surrounding it, say a custard apple, with a thin chatty in two halves tied together. Stately peacocks, which are sacred, are everywhere in and around Jaipur, and so are blue rock pigeons, literally in clouds, so that when they settle on a square of palace or tower to be fed of an early morning, they form an expanse of empyrean blue. Before leaving the Gardens, we fronted the ladies' apartments, and, amid the fountains and flower beds, were shown the collection of gaily-coloured and decorated and cunningly contrived paper kites, and their keeper, who occasionally is called on to fly one against "the Queen" on a wager of 20 rupees or so, and the keenest interest is taken by the Zenana in the contest. Alas, poor "Queens" and attendants, how little there is to brighten or alleviate their lives! Zenana teachers have not reached them yet; although the ladies of the Scottish Mission in Jaipur have got entrance to the Zenanas of many of the Rajput noblemen and other high citizens; and Dr. Macalister (D.D.), head of the United Free Church Mission, has, during his 30 years at Jaipur, secured the confidence of leading men to such an extent that only sons have been left by their fathers (councillors and noblemen) as his wards, and he is respected all over the city and State; while the Mission's work in education is a great and lasting one. The Maharajah's College, High School for Girls, Museum, etc., are evidences

of the enlightenment of the present ruler, who, unfortunately, has no son to succeed him, but must "adopt," as all the Jaipur rulers have had to do since "the Mutiny," when, on account of the then Rajah's loyalty to the British, a Mogul curse fell on him and his successors as to being henceforth without a son of their own to succeed them! The Jaipur stables are excelled by those of the next, though smaller, State of Ulwar, where 500 horses are said to be stabled, and morning and evening the young animals are called by bugle from the jungle to be fed, their approach and leaps over fence and walls being a fine sight. Some of the Jaipur horses we saw, were also very fine, and there are ranges of stables for classes:—Arab, Kabul, Australian, Burma, etc. The contrivance by which each horsekeeper has his room in front and above his horse's crib is an ingenious one. There are "horse-masters" in charge of groups, who see that due exercise is given on the vast parade ground, or by riding or driving through and round the city.

We had only planned for one full day and night at Jaipur; but the resident's kind intimation that arrangements would be made by carriage and elephant for a visit to

#### AMBER—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL—

decided us to stay another day, and very glad we were that we had not missed this trip; for the Palace, temples, and surroundings at Amber are by far the greatest show in the State. Starting by 7 a.m. our pair of horses soon brought us to the "Ajmere" gate and right across the City to the "Amer" exit, and then along a country road of five or six miles between the new and the old cities to the steep approach where an elephant with howdah was



in waiting to supersede the carriage. The Maharajah is supposed to have a large stud of elephants; but our guide thinks he must soon recruit and send to the Ceylon market among others to buy some additions. We ambled along and the sure-footed animal bore us up and down the old road and paved streets until we had climbed to the grand entrance of the Palace. A more picturesque situation, high up on the side of a hill—like another Edinburgh castle on a rock, but with fortifications crowning the ridge still higher up—cannot be conceived. It is at the mouth of a rocky gorge and has all the temples and city (now, of course, ruins) stretched below it, with a far expanse of country in which deer and tigers abound. Here the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) came to kill his first tiger in 1876 and right noble apartments H. R. H. had in the old Palace. Below its scarped sides, lie the remains of what must have been a lovely Garden and Lake with a series of ferneries and fountains at one end. The lake even now is large and deep enough to provide a home for crocodiles who, in “days of old,” if all accounts be true, often had a man flung to them from the battlements by royal command—a quick and sure way of getting rid of an offender. But we are in the Palace-court yard with buildings all round: at one corner a small temple to “Kali” is still maintained by the daily sacrifice of a goat,—(it is said to have been a human being in the very early days)—and childless ladies even now come out daily from Jaipur to make offerings and *pray* for offspring. A family of priests are in charge, and one young man with refined face and tall handsome figure especially struck us, as well as the faces and figures of many of the children.—Turning to the main staircase, we climb to a second court and on one side have a magnificent

Durbar Hall open on three sides, supported by a double row of marble columns, supporting a massive entablature. The outer pillars are covered with stucco and this is said to have been done to save the Hall from destruction by a Mogul Emperor who envied its magnificence. On a higher terrace are the Rajah's own apartments entered by a splendid gateway covered with mosaics and sculptures, over which is a small pavilion with beautiful stone-latticed windows. Through this is a green cool garden with fountains surrounded by palaces brilliant with mosaics and marbles. The chief is the "Jey Mandir" or Hall of Victory, adorned by panels of alabaster, some of which are inlaid, and others adorned with flowers in alto-relief, the roof glittering with the mirrored and spangled work in crystals, for which Jaipur is renowned. Wonderful, dazzling, and yet in most perfect taste was our judgment, and still the wonder grew as we went on to the "Jas Mandir" above, which again literally glows with bright and tender colours and exquisite inlaid work, and looks through arches of carved alabaster and clusters of slender columns upon the sleeping lake and silent Hills. Once again we come to "Sukh Nawas" Hall of Pleasure, where, in the centre of the cool marble room, is a groove or channel for a stream to flow through the room and hall. The doors, be it noted, are of sandalwood inlaid with ivory. We transcribe, as you will guess, a good deal of this description; but we have verified it all and there is much more we saw of Queens' and Rajahs' bathing rooms, all in creamy marble, but we forbear. The wonder to us is, that the builder of the new city and palace did not remove such exquisite material and workmanship; but we suspect he and his successors had their liking for the Amber Palace as a place of change, and

there are now guardians and keepers who unlocked and locked as we passed on. Breakfasting near the marble Durbar Hall on the terrace, we had a wonderful view over the old town and along the valley to where a Hunting Mansion of the present Maharajah, when after tiger, was pointed out to us. In another direction he had a "Water Palace," so called because the buildings were usually surrounded by water, though there is not much sign this season. We walked through part of the old town, on the way back, looking by the way at a temple to Vishnu, fronted by a lovely pavilion exquisitely carved with figures of Krishna. In Jaipur we had been taken to see the worship of Siva at a temple, the courtyard of which was occupied by "sacred cows" which, indeed, are all over the town; but very few, save some old women and children came to worship; and free from bigotry as the Hindus in this quarter are, we scarcely think there should be difficulty by-and-bye in winning them from idolatry at least. The elephant afforded us a hot, because slow, journey back to where the horses picked us up; but it will take much to banish the wonders of

"AMBER"

and its surroundings from our thoughts.

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Nov. 14th and 15th.

In the afternoon we called to thank the Resident and found Mr. Cobb a particularly pleasant, energetic-looking officer, quite in the prime of life, who had put in a good deal of service on the Malabar Coast and in Tanjore, and was therefore very familiar with conditions in Ceylon in which, indeed, he had passed ten days during 1892, visiting Kandy, Nuwara Eliya and climbing Adam's Peak. The dis-

treas in some parts of his territory this year did not amount to famine, but was, in one district at least, very considerable. A large proportion of the area of Jaipur State is little better than *sand*—a contrast to fertile Guzerat. Colonel Jacobs, R.E., in charge of Public Works \* had, for Jaipur State, a perfect system of irrigation—nothing could improve on it as adapted to local conditions,—no rivers to speak of to tap, only rainfall to conserve—so that the five Irrigation Commissioners, headed by Sir Douglas Moncrieff, who were expected next day, would come not to instruct, but rather, it might be, to learn of his system from Col. Jacobs and from his executive officers. Wells, of course, are the main supports of cultivation. The Resident had just been entertaining Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., on his way North, after visiting the Boer Camp at Ahmednagar.—Rajputana and Central India have had a succession of bad seasons more or less for the past ten years, so that if there is anything in the “eleven years’ cycle,” it is certainly time there should be a change and some “fat years” set in.

We next paid a second visit to the

#### PUBLIC GARDENS

where young Hindu life was busy on the many open grassy spaces (and gravelled “courts”) with tennis, football, hockey, etc.—quite an animated scene—and this at half-a-dozen different parts of the gardens, and not a European visible amongst them. The

#### ALBERT HALL,

of which King Edward laid the first stone in 1876,

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\* This officer has been so long identified with Public Works and Progress in Jaipur that his name is familiar as a household word all over the State. He had much to do with the fine roads and pavements, the gas and water supply of the city, as well as with irrigation works and roads throughout the country.

is a very fine structure with a spacious Durbar Hall and has an interesting, well-arranged Museum. We were most struck by the Mottoes placed round the Open Courts. Here are a few :—

Rectitude is the means of pleasing God ;  
I never saw any one lost in a straight road.

(*From one of Akbar's seals.*)

O Contentment ! make me rich ;  
For without thee, there is no wealth.

—*Gerlistan.*

The little-minded ask :—“ Belongs this man to our  
own family ? ”

The noble-hearted regard the human race as all akin.

—*Panchatantra.*

Whate'er the work a man performs,  
The most effective aid to its completion,  
The most prolific source of true success,  
Is energy without despondency.

*Ramayana.*

There is no religion higher than Truth.

—*Motto of M.R. of Benares.*

Do nought to others which if done to thee  
Would cause thee pain ; this is the sum of duty.

*Mahabharata.*

Next we were arrested by some highly-coloured frescoes on a large scale, of scenes connected with Lanka, such as the burning of that city (!), an episode in the “*Ramayana*,” when Hanuman, the Monkey King, caught as a spy, had his tail covered with oiled clothes and the whole set on fire by order of Ravana, the Demon King. In revenge Hanuman enlarged his body and burnt up one-eighth of the city, set on fire by his blazing tail !—and a wild sight the burning picture offers ! Then another painting shows the “*Victory and Consecration of Sinhala*” and so on—all being reproduced from the wonderful paintings in the Caves of Ajunta.

Nov. 16th.

But enough of Jaipur and its attractions—of an evening and morning, the climate at present is perfect, dry of course, because cloudless, and when the young moon came out with an attendant galaxy of stars, last night, we had seldom seen so brilliant a sky. We overtook, at Jaipur, our friend,

MR. WHITEMORE OF BOSTON.

the lay member of the Mission Deputation which came to Ceylon in June last and had visited every station of the Board of Missions in Jaffna, Madura, and Bombay districts, seeing besides a good deal of other Missions in Tinnevely, Travancore, etc. From Bombay, Drs. Barton and Loba had taken steamer westward; but wishing to see more of India, and especially Cashmere, Mr. Whittemore had stayed over, visited Hyderabad (Golconda, Ellora, etc.) and found in the Chaplain there an Englishman who had fought through the American Slavery War, for the North, and afterwards in frontier wars, before he felt called on to prepare for the Ministry and take orders. Mr. Whittemore had visited Ahmedabad, Ajmere, Mount Abu and the Jain temples (which he greatly admired), so that he was full of information, charming companion as he always is. He had also preceded us in Jaipur and Amber, and gave us valuable hints as the result of his experience when we ran up against him in the comfortable

“RUSTOM FAMILY HOTEL,”

which we can thoroughly recommend—together with the Jaipur Guide attached to it, namely “Mohorilal,” with 20 years of service, voluble and with a sense of humour\* (he served Mr. Whittemore,

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\* “Is this Thursday, Guide?” “Yes, your honour, *invariably* Thursday!”

but often had to tell us something of an evening) and his younger brother "Jummallal," simple and solemn—but speaking English equally well—who did his duty by us very faithfully.

Mr. Whittemore had a day over to give to a deer hunt by a tamed

#### TRAINED HUNTING LEOPARD\*

—(two of these, apparently open to engagement, were tied to posts, hooded, opposite our hotel). The hunt was a successful one; for at some five or six miles from the city in low scrubby vegetation, a herd of deer was sighted. Mr. W. and his friend got wonderfully near without leaving a light bullock-cart which carried the cheetah; they manœuvred still nearer, keeping behind knolls, until at last a detached buck was fixed on, the cheetah's hood removed, the shikari's hands put on each side of the cheetah's head, so that his sight was directed to this one deer only; the cheetah was released and bounding over the scrub, the run was a short one, one tap on the head bringing down the buck, whose throat the cheetah then clasped until the shikari came up, cut the throat, filled a spoon with the blood and led the cheetah away to enjoy a drink, be hooded and tied again. We partook of the venison in the evening and found it good! [We should mention that the deer are strictly preserved for the Maharajah, no one being allowed to hunt or kill without a special pass. The consequence is that the deer are quite tame and take little or no notice of natives or bullock carts going by, hence the cart with the cheetah being allowed to come within 50 yards—so that, in a very few bounds, the cheetah was on his victim. Very poor sport—or none at all,

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\* *Felis jubata*; also the lynx, *Felis caracal*, both being led about like a dog!

one may say, unless it be the curiosity aroused to see how the hunting cheetah will act. Coming along to Delhi, we passed a herd of deer and one of camels feeding in the same field near the line.]

The mention of hooded hunting cheetahs tied by the roadside, remind us that nothing has been said of the wonderful variety of

#### ANIMAL LIFE

in the streets of Jaipur. The Maharajah's elephants pass so frequently that they scarcely disturb even the timid camels, often standing in a long row, laden with firewood, or slabs of stone brought in for building; then there are donkeys as well as horses and bullocks in harness, men riding on buffaloes, and every Indian variety of conveyance. Rudyard Kipling speaks of Jaipur as "a pink city set on the border of a blue lake." We saw no lake, perhaps because it had got dried up! How well, however, the same writer reminds us of the constant fighting, inter-State and foreign wars, that pervaded this country of Rajputana—the very cockpit of India—during all authentic history:—"From Delhi to Mount Abu and from the Indus to the Chambal, each yard of ground has witnessed slaughter, pillage and rapine."

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#### EN ROUTE FOR DELHI.

Our start this morning (16th) was an early one (6-30) by train from Jaipur, Mr. Whittenmore also coming, though he goes straight on to Rawal Pindi *en route* to Cashmere. We had also among fellow-travellers, coming together at refreshment stations *en route*, a public works' officer and family bound for the



far distant station of Quetta—healthy and popular, however, and therefore by no means considered to be banishment. The train was a full one, but accommodation had been reserved. The roadway proved much better, not nearly so great a rocking. The country looked well cultivated on the whole, and we were struck by the very substantial large structures put up for railway stations at wayside places, even on this narrow line. No doubt stone is abundant and good work pays in the end. An improvement the Ceylon Government Railways might well take over from this line is putting blue or other coloured glass in their carriage windows; it modifies the glare greatly and is a special comfort. We saw nothing remarkable \* till we approached

#### ULWAR OR ALWAR,

a State and Capital (100 miles from Jaipur) which will always have a melancholy interest; for, here died from fever, at the post of duty, a near and dear

\* Travelling through Central India in 1825, this is how Bishop Heber describes the scene :—

“Nothing can be wilder or more savage than these jungles, but they contain many spots of great romantic beauty, though the mountains are certainly mere playthings after Himalaya. The various tribes of the countries through which I have passed interested me extremely; their language, the circumstances of their habitation, dress and armour; their pastoral and agricultural way of life; their women grinding at the mill; their cakes baked on the coals; their corn trodden out by oxen; their maidens passing to the well; their travellers lodging in the streets; their tents, their camels, their shields, spears, and coats of mail; their Mussulmans with a religion closely copied from that of Moses; their Hindoo tribes worshipping the same abominations with the same rites as the ancient Canaanites; their false prophets swarming in every city; their judges sitting in the gate; and their wild Bheels and Khoolies dwelling like the ancient Amorites in holes and clefts of the rocks, and coming down with sword and bow to watch the motions or attack the baggage of the traveller, —transported me back three thousand years, and I felt myself a contemporary of Joshua or Samuel.”

relative, the only surviving daughter of the late A. M. Ferguson, who, as wife of the Rev. H. G. de St. Dalmas, worked so devotedly as Missionary both in Muttra and Ulwar, until struck down. Unfortunately we could not stay over to see the place, there being only one serviceable train—the mail one—in the 24 hours and had to content ourselves with such glimpses of the town as we could get from the prettily embowered station, with its row of shrubby orange trees and other shrubs as well as shady large trees. The fort on the conical hill 1,200 feet above the town was very prominent; and the Palace, temples, in fact the city (with less than 100,000 people) could be in many things a repetition of Jaipur. Some years ago the Maharajah of Ulwar and suite visited Ceylon. We noticed his nice-looking barracks for his little army of 8,000 men—a stalwart Rajput stood at attention with a great flag as the train passed. At Rewari Junction, 50 miles from Delhi, we are close to a very old town with many Jain temples, and next we stop at a station which affords a good illustration of how the same name is differently spelt at the one place: thus on the lamps we observe “Jaitolie,” while on the wall and front of station it is “Jatowlee” (Jaipur, Jeypore or Jeypoor faced us before)!

Banks, boundaries, and corn-fields covered with lofty pampas grass, with the feathery top on each stalk, is a feature of some of the country we pass through as we get nearer Delhi, and the people are busy cutting it down and binding it into sheaves, while clearing up their fields generally. We saw this grass afterwards not only used as thatch, but also chopped up for chaff no doubt to feed cattle, &c. Within the Delhi region the country is certainly far

more fertile and everything seems more comfortable for the agriculturists. Long before entering Delhi, we met heaps of ruins, old forts and hills, fallen temples, &c., reminding us that these are the ruins of five or six "Delhis" to the south of the existing town which dates from 1638; but which has often been greatly affected by sieges and sackings at intervals since; not the least, by the results of the British siege in the Mutiny of 44 years ago. Our train glides along through a very unattractive suburb, until we enter a large but rambling and untidy station—very unlike the grand, clean and orderly Bombay structures—where three or four different railway lines and on different gauges all converge, this no doubt adding to the apparent confusion. It has been truly said that India is full of the melancholy romance of fallen cities, and kingdoms, and empires, and no country teaches more clearly the sad vicissitudes of all earthly things:—

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we become!"

A dead and ruined capital round the lonely pillar of the Kutub Minar, haunts Delhi like its shadow, and the country all round is full of ruined temples and tombs, palaces and fortresses.\*

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\* This is how Grant Duff puts it in his "Notes on an Indian Journey," 1875:—"Delhi has been called the Rome of Asia, but it will perhaps convey to your mind no very accurate idea of the real state of the case, if I say that where, in the European Rome you have a great ruin like the Colosseum or the baths of Caracalla, you have in or near the Asiatic Rome the remains of a great city, and that the whole face of the country between the remains of these cities is dotted with tombs as thickly as the line of the Appian Way. It is a wonderful, but at the same time a rather melancholy, not to say irritating, sight. Nowhere in the world is the disproportion between the monuments of men and their lives so great. The Emperor Humayoun, whose name you probably do not know, or hardly know, sleeps in a tomb which might have been appropriate to Marcus Aurelius."

## IN DELHI.

Nov. 18.

We arrived on Saturday afternoon (Nov. 16th) and after settling in our hotel and having tea (by the way we were glad to see "tea" freely offered at all the stations along the Rajputana line) we had a walk, nominally to the General Post Office, but really along ground, every yard of which is historically interesting, and has probably been marked by shot and shell and the fall of brave men fighting to take Delhi. For we passed between Metcalfe House (in ruins) and "Ludlow Castle" (where the British siege guns were placed) past the cemetery where the remains of General John Nicholson—the bravest of the brave, who led the assault and fell in the hour of victory—lie buried, on to and through the Cashmere gate (and by the Bastion) so closely associated with the ever-thrilling story of the siege and assault. We noted the tablet to commemorate the gallant deed of Home, Salkeld and others who blew in the gate for the storming party. Next we came to the plain, but commanding archway which stands as a simple Memorial of one of the most heroic deeds surely ever recorded in history; for it was on this spot that the British Arsenal in Delhi stood, in that fatal month of May, when Lieutenants Willoughby, Forrest and Raynor, and their subordinate companions in heroism, especially Conductor Scully, blew up the Magazine, when they learned the City and Fort were in the possession of the rebels and that no immediate help was to be looked for, from the ill-commanded British Contingent at Meerut. So much for our first evening's work.

Next morning we drove the other way out to

## THE RIDGE

noting where the heavy batteries were placed in

the Kudna Gardens and before Ludlow Castle (then the house of Commissioner, Simon Fraser, who was one of the first killed in Delhi—now used as a “Club”); also the old Baptist Mission House, now an Hotel, but which was useful as a Hospital during the siege. Metcalfe House on the riverside, now in ruins, is marked, and we pass along ground every foot of which saw much fighting; for it will be remembered that the small contingent of 3,000 to 4,000 men under General Barnard’s command that first fought its way to the Ridge, although uniformly successful when the Sepoys dared to come to close quarters, was for a time more the besieged than the besiegers with 30,000 to 40,000 trained native soldiers—now wildly determined to clear the country of every white face—surging around them. A good view of Delhi and the surrounding country is obtained from the historic Ridge: we note the line of country in the direction of Meerut, through which General Wilson at length moved up with the Carabineers, 60th Rifles and Artillery, fighting the rebels *en route* until he effected a juncture with General Barnard at Alipur. Next day came the battle of Badli-ki-Serai, six miles North of Delhi, which is pointed out to us, and we see how, when the Mutineers, badly beaten, retreated to Delhi, the British Force advanced to the old Cantonments and occupied the Ridge which became the base of operations, the scene of constant fighting for four weary, bloody and hottest of months until Delhi was captured. [It is not generally realised or remembered that more British officers and soldiers died in the siege and relief of Delhi, than in the defences and reliefs of Lucknow, Cawnpore, and the subsequent campaigns all put together. But the capture of Delhi was worth it all,—for nothing

else could so prevent the rebellion spreading among native states.] Of course, in the meanwhile, reinforcements arrived, notably General Nicholson from the Punjab, acknowledged as the bravest and ablest soldier-leader in India; but at no time were there more than 8,000 in the British Force, and when the assault took place in September there were only 6,500 men all told, of whom but 1,200 were British soldiers, to take this strong walled city defended by 30,000 trained Sepoys—desperate as well as disciplined rebels—with 114 guns most admirably served by gunners, many of whom stuck to their posts until bayoneted. But then, what a spirit filled the handful of avenging Britishers and their Sikh and Goorkha supporters! News of the Cawnpore massacres—apart from the many slaughtered in Delhi where not a Christian remained alive, whether English or Eurasian—had made the men wild to get at the murderers of women and children.

But let us consider the Ridge and its Memorials:—the Flagstaff Battery, the Mosque Picquet, Hindu Rao's House, Asoka's Pillar—erected originally at Meerut 300 B.C. by the Buddhist King whose memory should be dear to Ceylon Buddhists—but above all

#### THE MUTINY MEMORIAL

—an octagonal Gothic spire of red sandstone erected to commemorate the events of the siege, the names of the regiments and batteries serving at it, and of the officers who were killed or died during the operations. From the top, a magnificent view is obtained of Delhi spread out on a plain, with its walls and gates, the town now greatly embowered in trees, but with spires and minarets—especially those of the great mosque and of the

Palace and Fort, soaring aloft. To the North, too, we observe the Plain where, on 1st January, 1877, Lord Lytton proclaimed the Queen Empress of India, in the presence of nearly all the ruling native Princes of India and an Army of 50,000 men. Great doings are expected on this same Plain in January, 1903, when a special ceremony in connection with the Coronation of the King-Emperor is expected to be observed by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

Before leaving the Memorial Tower, we are accosted by a one-armed native lad who is in charge of a Plan of Delhi and environs with the position of the British Force during the siege and capture—June-September, 1857. This we notice is counter-signed—his regular signature in full—by “Fred. Roberts, Quartermaster-General of the Army in India”—the future Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief.\*

Leaving the Ridge, we drive into Delhi by the Mori gate (now dismantled)† and close to which is the Bastion from which the most deadly fire was maintained by the rebels. Thence we turned and passed along to the Kabul gate—also now demolished—and then along the narrow lane which

NICHOLSON

at the head of his victorious—but sadly thinned—assault party, tried to force on his way to the

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\* It is interesting to read in Sir Grant Duff's Diary of the doings of Sir F. Roberts when Commander-in-Chief under him in Madras in the early “eighties.”

† Referred to by Sir A. C. Lyall in his poem on “The Wahabee” and a Badminton party:—

“Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,  
Under the Moree battlement's shade;  
Close to the glaxis our game was formed,  
There had the fight been, and there we played.”

Lahore gate after already clearing a long line of the wall. This narrow lane was lined with rebel marksmen on both sides, and even brave men hesitated to advance; but Nicholson sprang to the front and called on others to follow: his stalwart towering form presented a sure mark and he fell mortally wounded, though he lingered in life some eight days and learnt that Delhi and its "King" were, indeed, taken and the rebels cleared out. A marble tablet let into the city wall showed us the spot where they fell—"who led the assault on Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, and died 23rd of September, 1857, aged 35 years." In the town-hall afterwards, among many other portraits, we saw an oil-painting of "Jan Nicholson," as his devoted worshipping Sikhs called him: a strikingly attractive, rather melancholy countenance, a full black beard, and a finely poised head.

After Bombay and Jaipur,

#### NATIVE DELHI

is, to us, a distinct disappointment. There is neither the variety nor the attractiveness in the architecture: dust, dirt and dilapidation mark the houses and boutiques along most streets. Of course, some fine shops are seen, and "Chandni Chauk," the principal street, is wide and straight, lined by fine trees and with an aqueduct down the middle.

On Sunday afternoon, we visited the Baptist Mission headquarters and saw a little of the Orphans (famine) Girls' Industrial School, and heard of the extensive work at "the Camp" some miles away. We also had from Miss Thorne--the experienced and very capable head--some of the details of the school and zenana work, in which



some five or six young English ladies are steadily engaged, far more zenanas being now open to visitors and teachers in Delhi, than there are ladies to overtake them. One lady had come out to work at her own expense. Next day we saw some of the muslin and embroidery work of the schools, and still more the work of impoverished men and women formerly of good station—some of them princes and princesses of the old Mogul family—of which Miss Thorne took charge, finding purchasers for much among visitors and in England, etc. Much of it the ladies declared to be very delicate and beautifully attractive work. Some of our party attended service in St. James's Memorial Church, a church full of tablets of unusual interest. We were of a small company in the Baptist Church for whom the Rev. Stephen Thomas conducted service and preached, his two colleagues in the mission being out at country stations. The chapel (a commodious one) is for native more than English services, as the tablets with the Ten Commandments in Urdu, on each side of the pulpit, shewed; and in the morning Mr. Thomas told us he had every seat occupied when he had service and preached in Urdu and felt more at home with his congregation, than in the evening English service. Mr. Thomas was Secretary for the Delhi Famine Fund some time ago, as he is now for a Victorian Commemoration Fund which is likely to reach R125,000, almost entirely from native subscribers and which is likely to be devoted to

#### A ZENANA HOSPITAL.

The S.P.G., with which works the Cambridge Mission, has also important operations in Delhi, and among the women and children especially great progress is made. Indeed, I begin to think that the

Famine in certain districts of this great Continent may prove a blessing in disguise, so largely has it brought large crowds of young children entirely under the influence of wise, good teachers, not only for moral and Christian, but also industrial, training; while physically, many of these poor waifs and strays will turn out such men and women as they never would in their native villages.

On the 18th, we made our round of the sights and shops of Delhi, first calling at the National Bank which we found right in the heart of the bazaar. The Manager told us of the facility with which Mussoorie—the sanitarium for Delhi—could be reached; a night in the train and half the next day for the climb on ponies or in a light cart sufficing to make the journey. A dust-storm in Delhi about May or June, when the outlook sometimes becomes inky black, is a not very desirable experience, nor are the hottest months in any year. He was in Nuwara Eliya (on a brief visit to our island) in 1894, when that notable thunderbolt was discharged, striking a tree in front of the Grand Hotel and throwing down some of the inmates, though without injury. But to return to

#### DELHI SHOPS.

The work done in ivory (now got chiefly from East Africa) and in embroidery in gold and silver is very beautiful and a visit to native work-places, which are readily shown, is most interesting. The simplicity of the tools or modes of working, with which the finest articles are turned out, is astonishing. We were shewn designs and partly worked robes intended for Queen Alexandra and Lady Curzon in connection with Coronation ceremonies.

## THE "JUMMA MUSJID"

—the great mosque of Delhi—unrivalled for size, and with two magnificent minarets which tower over the city, has a fine effect as it is approached by noble flights of steps and shews an admixture of red sandstone and white marble. The courtyard is capable of holding 15,000 worshippers at a time and the absence of any distraction, even ornament, inside the mosque, here as everywhere, is remarkable. In the centre are a marble basin and fountain. The gateways or doors are massive, overlaid with brass arabesque, and the principal one could only be entered by the Mogul Emperor, so now it is only opened for the Viceroy. One can quite believe that it took 5,000 workmen six years to construct this mosque. During the Mutiny, the gates were bricked up and the mosque held by fanatical Mahommedans who stood a siege of four or five days before they surrendered.

## THE JAIN TEMPLE

in the city is well worth a visit, the ceiling and walls of its marble court being richly gilded and supported by two rows of small marble columns, while the small figure of Buddha is seated below an ivory canopy with offerings of flowers before it as in Ceylon temples. The Jain priests, or holders of the temple, marry, and their families occupy surrounding buildings. The Queen's Gardens, close by the principal street of Delhi, are a great relief, and their show of roses at this time of year a special treat to the visitor. The Museum is a poor affair, dusty and neglected; a clock tower 128 feet high stands close by, and in front of the gardens there is a huge stone elephant on a raised platform brought from Gwalior 250 years ago.

We have reserved to the last,

“THE FORT”

and its attractions, as the true show-place of Delhi, from having the palace of the Mogul Emperors dating back to Shah Jehan in 1638. We entered it by the very fine Lahore gate, around which so much interest centred in the Mutiny. For here it was that Captain Douglas, Commandant of the King's Palace Guards—all natives—was murdered by the mutineers from Meerut, with whom he came to parley and to order away from the gate; but who were traitorously admitted by the native guard. Very quickly the English Chaplain and his wife and every European and Christian in the Fort and City were slaughtered. [There is a brass memorial plate to some of the Missionary martyrs of the Mutiny in the Baptist Church.]

But we have now to deal with what we saw in the Fort, namely the Palace Halls of Audience; private apartments and Pearl Mosque. We were most struck with the wonderfully delightful, almost unique, situation of this kingly and imperial residence, built to the very edge of the fortification, overlooking the Jumna and a wide expanse of country beyond. The best account we have seen of it is by Mrs. Steele in her “On the Face of the Waters,” when she speaks of “four rose-red fortress walls hemming in a few acres of earth where the last of the Mogul Emperors, in 1857, still dreamt a dream of power among the golden domes, marble colonnades, and green gardens with which his ancestors had crowned the eastern wall.” However hot the sun shone in the Fort, cool breezes from the plains beyond blow through open arches and latticed balconies on that Eastern edge. And

then as regards the inside in those days of royal residence, we are told "of a cool breezy world of white and gold and blue, clasping a garden, set with flowers and fruit, with blue sky, white marble colonnades, and golden domes vaulting and zoning the burnished leaves of the orange trees, where the green fruit hung like emeralds above a tangle of roses and marigolds, chrysanthemums and crimson amaranth." Such is a leaf from the past. We saw but the deserted palace, but recognised how true the picture might have been, for the glories and luxuries of the apartments, baths and halls are still apparent: the paintings and mosaics behind the throne seat in the Public Hall of Audience; the marvellous pavilion of white marble richly ornamented with gold and other work, called the Private Hall of Audience, with its Persian distich over the arches :—

If on earth be an Eden of bliss,  
It is this, it is this, it is this !

Its white marble stand is still there ; but the famous Peacock throne, which stood upon it, is now in the Royal Palace at Teheran, removed by Nadir Shah in 1739. Milton had no doubt such a scene in view with "Agra and Lahore of the Great Mogul" when he wrote the famous lines in "Paradise Lost":—

"High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

A smaller apartment close by is notable for a richly carved and gilt screen with a small window and above the "scales of justice." The ladies' apartments and baths are all of white marble, beautifully inlaid, and there were many fountains. During the Mutiny, the precious stones which decorated the mosaics in many of the walls were picked out and

stolen. When the Oriental Garden and surrounding fountains—now built over for Fort offices—were in existence, the Palace is believed to have been the finest in India—nay in Asia—and certainly for “beauty of situation” and adaptation to the site, it must have been unparalleled.

[We left unvisited the many tombs outside Delhi and the grand monument “Kutub Minar” (11 miles from the town), a tower or building 240 feet high, which guides and guide-books say all visitors to Delhi should see; we must be content to be an exception.]

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#### IN THE PUNJAB.

We left Delhi, on November 19th, to journey 300 miles

#### TO LAHORE

by an afternoon train. [We had an amusing illustration before leaving “Maiden’s Metropolitan Hotel,” Delhi—a very comfortable one—of the multiplicity of servants who expect a small *douceur*, if only an anna or two, from visitors; for here, besides table waiters and bed-room boy, there turned up, to say good-bye to the sahib, a sweeper, a water-carrier, a lamp and boots boy, a policeman or peon in charge of premises, and, of course, several box coolies! But on the whole, servants are not at all troublesome at Indian hotels—so far as we have gone—and are content with comparatively small rewards.]

The country we saw beyond Delhi appeared to be fertile, perhaps part of the great wheat plain; but nothing of interest occurred (unless found in the names of such stations as Kanakacha, Jandiala, Jhind, Sirhind, etc.) till we got to Lahore early in

the morning, and, therefore, very cold at this time of year, and we found ourselves still in a dry and dusty country, where rain is much required, though irrigation does wonders for it,—indeed, for all the Punjaub. [We heard nothing of plague at Lahore—though we had a young M.D. as fellow-traveller ordered for six months to the Punjaub capital, on special duty—nor did we hear of an outbreak till we got our advices from Ceylon at Agra on the 22nd !]

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Nov. 19th and 20th.

A couple of full days enabled us to see most of what is of interest in

#### LAHORE AND AMRITZAR.

The latter (the religious capital of the Sikhs) is chiefly notable for the

#### GOLDEN TEMPLE

of the Sikhs—a marble structure with inlaid work—but which owes its distinctiveness to being roofed with sheets of copper gilt. Built in the centre of a tank—the pool of immortality capable of washing sin away—the approach by a marble footway, and massive gates silver gilt, is impressive. Inside, flowers and native music filled a great part in the central shrine where offerings were made before the High Priest, much as in a Buddhist temple, save that here was no image—a rupee being expected in return for small cups of sugar (returned untouched) presented to Europeans or other exceptional visitors. Mounting to a gallery, we found one of the “Gurus” busily reading aloud the Granth—the Sikh scriptures—and this is kept up in turn; but none of the crowd of Sikhs—men, women and children—visiting the temple, seemed to stay, even

for a minute or two, to listen to this reading. They attended the High Priest and made offerings and sometimes got flowers handed to them by him in return. We then visited the Treasury and its 31 pillars or poles of silver, and various curios kept in boxes. British authority, as shown to you, commands that boots should be removed, and slippers, duly provided and tied by the Sikh orderlies in attendance, substituted, before entering the approach to the temple. We were struck by the number of fine-looking Sikhs, great, powerful, bearded men, among the visitors to the temple, and many of the younger men were very handsome. We saw little or nothing of the absorption among the worshippers described in the following story about the Czar :—

“The Czar of Russia may remember that when, in 1891, as Czarewitch, he visited the Golden Temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar, attended by a brilliant crowd of Russian and British officers, his attention was arrested by a little, old, almost naked, long-haired, shrivelled, ash-smeared devotee, sitting in a corner of the marble walk that surrounds the tank in the temple inclosure. The prince gazed at the ascetic, but the world-forsaking old man would not even vouchsafe one look in return, and wearily turned his head away. Thus the inner spirit of the East meets the glories of the West.”

A drive through the native town and bazaars would have been avoided, had we known of the close, ill-smelling streets our driver had to follow, with nothing of special interest in the shops or houses. Here, as at Lahore, we were struck by sign-boards with the names of native physicians having the degrees of “M.D.” or “L.M.S.”, and also by the names of “Barristers” and “Advocates” exposed right above the bazaars; while next we would come on “Hindu Medical Hall” and “Mahommedan Medical Hall” over drug-shops kept by natives. “Amritsar Temperance Hall” was also prominent, as



was also similar institutions in Lahore, and there we encountered a street procession of natives—Muhammadans and Sikhs chiefly, with a band of music—in honour of Mr. John Smedley, J.P., who came last, fully garlanded with flowers, in a carriage accompanied by two native gentlemen. (Mr. Smedley is on a temperance tour throughout India). The “Y.M.C.A.” is well located at Lahore in a detached, convenient and comfortable-looking building.

We were much interested by a visit to a large depot of Cashmere goods—wood carving, as well as shawls, rugs, curtains, &c.,—and thence we followed to a large

#### CARPET FACTORY

where a host of Muhammadans, chiefly lads, are employed by a Hindu firm which has altogether 2,000 employees. The firm had exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and we saw one of the two carpets sent, the other having been sold, price about R800 to R1,000 or R70 per square yard, against the R10 mentioned at Jaipur.

Returning to

#### LAHORE,

we remark first on the railway station being built so as, if necessary, to be turned into a fort, and on the rather ugly-looking design, usually adopted for the European bungalows, but no doubt the result of experience as to what is best for very hot as well as comparatively cold weather. The National Bank Manager (who had a brother, a well-known Dimbula planter in coffee days, now in California) told me he had the thermometer up to 118 degrees this last season, and when I left him (21st November) about midday, the thermometer showed 68 degrees on his office wall. This being the cool season, the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub,

Sir Mackworth Young, and many of the leading officials are touring in the province. Irrigation has led to the establishment of delightful gardens in and around Lahore, and the principal streets are well shaded. In the Lawrence Gardens, we saw some very fine specimens of Australian gum trees and of *Pinus longifolia* (grown at Hakgala.) Here, as in most City Gardens in India, there is a Menagerie or Zoological collection included. A few miles out of town, there is a Government Agri-Horticultural Garden and a plantation of *Dalbergia sissu*—the “Shishu” wood so much carved here and in Cashmere. Some of the public buildings in Lahore are fine, the High Courts of Justice, Municipal offices, and the Cathedral, &c. The mingling of Sikhs, Hindus and Muhammadans in the bazaars and also in the public offices is remarkable. The men are distinguishable—the women scarcely so, all of them not only covering the head, but most of them, of the three races, affecting pyjamas. Early one morning, a procession of ponies, each bearing a man and woman, walked past our hotel: we were told they were going to cut, and bring back, loads of grass. Lahore must this year be a town of close on 200,000 people, and will probably ere long compete for the fourth or fifth position among Indian cities. A drive through the bazaars and other streets *en route* to the Fort afforded much of interest in the balconies and projecting oriel windows of the houses and the variety of life in the boutiques and streets. Beside some famous mosques adjacent to it, the Fort contains

#### THE “PALACE OF AKBAR”

and a Pearl Mosque of white marble with three domes. There is also a small Sikh temple, and next

we come to a Palace of Mirrors which reminds us a little of Jaipur and Amber. The outlook over the surrounding country is fine, and we climbed a tower whence we had a grand view over the city and rural panorama. Ranjit Singh not only held his audiences in this palace—(indeed here the Punjaub was formally transferred to the British Government)—but he reviewed his army on the plain below. And we realized more fully the truth of Sir Alfred Lyall's picture of the "Old Pindarrie" in one of his best poems, as showing us how Indians of different races, who had once followed their fathers in plundering raids, now felt in living the dull life of a pacified land!

The Cenotaph of Anarkoli (a favourite Princess of Akbar) which we found in a building now used as a Record Office, is of purest white marble, and the 99 names of God, carved on it, are said to be so exquisitely formed as to surpass anything of the kind in India.

We could not but be reminded of Kipling and "Kim" in Lahore: we visited the Museum—the "wonder house" of Kim—where J. Lockwood Kipling was long Curator and where his son, as a little boy, no doubt ran out and in. The most interesting sights were the crowds of Sikhs, men, women and children from the country, and their lively chatter as they passed from case to case and from one chamber to another. Attached to the Museum is an *annexe* with specimens of work done at the

#### MAYO SCHOOL OF ART

priced for sale as in Jaipur. We went over the School in company with the Principal, Mr. Percy Brown, A.R.C.A., and was introduced to his accom-

plished Vice-Principal, Bhai Ram Singh, a Sikh gentleman, who had the honour of being sent to England to arrange the Indian Court at Osborne or Windsor, or, perhaps, both. There are ten Assistant Teachers, chiefly Sikhs, but with some Muhammadans and Hindus; while the pupils (about 300) are similarly divided. As an illustration of the mingling of different religionists, we were told of a Viceroy's commission for a large metal standard and lamp to be presented to a Muhammadan mosque: the same was designed by a Sikh, executed chiefly by Hindus, for the benefit of Muhammadans, by order of a Christian! The School was established in 1875; but Mr. Brown only came out from the Midlands some three years ago. The work of training pupils, we could see, was much more thorough here than at Jaipur, admirable as that school seemed to be. The Principal showed us some fine specimens in local woodwork—"pin-jarrah" work in screens, often mistaken for fret-work, but entirely different; also samples of Cashmere industries. In the Lahore streets and still more in the grand trunk road running out into the country, "Kim" and the Lama who was seeking a miraculous river, were frequently recalled, as for instance:—

"The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were open wide. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets. There were new people and new sights at every stride—castes he knew, and castes that were altogether out of his experience.

"The Grand Trunk at this point was built on an embankment to guard against winter floods from the foot-hills, so that one walked, as it were, a little above the country, along a stately corridor, seeing all India spread out to left and right. It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton waggons crawling over the country roads; one could hear their axles, complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells

and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard high-road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos or threes across the level plain.

"By this time the sun was driving broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango-trees; the parakeets and the doves were coming home in their hundreds. . . . Swiftly the light gathered itself together, painted for an instant the faces and the cart-wheels and the bullocks' horns as red as blood. Then the night fell, changing the touch of the air, drawing a low, even haze, like a gossamer veil of blue, across the face of the country, and bringing out, keen and distinct, the smell of wood-smoke and cattle and the good scent of wheaten cakes cooked on ashes."

No one in Lahore, so far as we asked, could tell us the altitude of the place above the sea! Before leaving, we should mention that, although the sun has been to us hot in the day, the mornings, evenings and nights have been delightfully cool; and our accommodation and fare at the Charing Cross Hotel very satisfactory. Pears, apples, oranges, figs and walnuts are among the fruit in season. It has been most refreshing to have Mandarin oranges—sometimes very fine and cheap—available all along our route from Bombay upwards.

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#### LAHORE TO AGRA.

Nov. 21st.

Starting by a North-Western train at 1-30 p.m. we hope to be in Agra (some 400 miles) by 8-30 a.m. tomorrow. [We came from Delhi to Lahore by the Southern Punjab line.] The country along this line is nearly all fertile and well-cultivated—a good deal due to irrigation, for the Punjab has (in the Sirhind Canal, etc.) some of the largest irrigation works in the world. It is wonderful, too, how well-wooded, along all roads, near all towns and cantonments and railway stations,

the country is becoming, evidently the work of the last 20 or 30 years. Soon after leaving Beas station, we crossed the river by a very long lattice girder bridge (20 spans, 110 feet each) there being a good deal of water in certain channels between the wide-apart banks, though sand-banks seemed to predominate. A number of curious-looking launches or boats were visible in the distance. We are now in "the city of the First Doab"—the country between the rivers Beas and Sutlej,—and Jullundur city at which we next arrive, was a large and flourishing town, B.C. We shall chiefly remember "Jullundur" for the most excellent cups of tea handed to us at the railway station with crisp biscuit and cake—three portions, and all for 14 annas (87 cents)! At Phillour, originally built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj, we dined, and some eight miles from Loodhiana we cross the river Sutlej by a grand iron lattice-girder bridge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile long, 84 spans of 110 feet each, carried on brick piers, the foundations being sunk 45 feet in bed of river. The scenes of two of the bloodiest battles with the Sikhs—Aliwal and Sobraon—are close to this neighbourhood. During the night we passed through Sirhind with its Great Canal 2,000 miles long, costing 7 millions sterling, a notable evidence of British administrative and executive skill; also through Saharunpore which is the headquarters of the Jumna Canal Establishment, and the scene of extensive Government Botanical Gardens.

It is remarkable how freely the *Bougainvillea* grows and flowers throughout this northern part of the Punjaub (indeed throughout all Northern India); and in the Lawrence Gardens, Lahore,

we saw the terra-cotta-coloured variety. A well-trimmed hedge of the ordinary kind was very pleasing. But in regard to

#### FLOWERS

we forgot to mention that, as the great show at Delhi was in Roses of many varieties, so in Lahore we were treated to a marvellous display of Chrysanthemums. Government House was closed, the Lieut.-Governor being on tour; but in the gardens, as in many private grounds, we saw great displays of the flower, remarkable for size and variety of colour. There was to be a Public Show of Chrysanthemums in the Lawrence Gardens on the 25th; and we found Mr. Forrest (of the National Bank) as we left, busy organising a St. Andrew's Dinner for the Scots not only of Lahore, but of the Punjaub generally. One thing more to mention, we have been greatly surprised at the large numbers of natives—men and women—constantly travelling along these Punjaub Railway lines. But the same was true from Bombay to Delhi. Perhaps it is partly due to the cool season. On some lines, several trains for third-class passengers only are regularly run: on others there are "specials" even apart from festival times; and it is marvellously true that in India,—

"There are still plenty of people who would rather walk a hundred miles than spend a rupee on a ticket. Even railway-travelling in India preserves something of the atmosphere of the road. The native is in no hurry; he does not look out trains in time-tables, but sits at the station till a train appears. It is not uncommon in India to see a platform covered at night with sleeping figures, awaiting the morning train,"

But we must say Good Night to the capital and to the Punjaub generally: tomorrow it should be Agra and the Taj!

## AT AGRA.

Nov. 22nd to 24th.

Morning broke while we were still some 50 miles from Agra ; and peeping out, it seemed as if we were travelling amidst patches of snow, in the white sand at intervals topped, perhaps, by hoar-frost. The country generally looked green and well-cultivated, and we passed through a series of small stations, such as Puri (not the Orissa Puri with the great Hindu shrine), Hathras, etc., before reaching the Tundla Junction to branch off towards Agra. We were sitting quietly without any expectation of a surprise, when a young Officer in the compartment with us called out :—

“THE TAJ, THE TAJ”!

—and sure enough (reminding us of our first glimpse of Venice rising out of the water) there floated into sight, over the morning mist, a pearly white dome, perfect in outline, peerless in beauty, and as if suspended in mid-air by invisible powers. Gradually the minarets and magnificent framework came into view ; but nothing can remove the impression made, by that first glimpse in the early morning mist, of this gem in marble, this “poem in stone.”

Altogether the approach to Agra is a very notable and striking one. We cross the Jumna by a long and massive iron bridge of 10 spans (the river must be a grand sight when, after the rains, full from bank to bank) and face the dark-red walls and towers of the commanding Fort, opposite to which is our station. What the river loses in grandeur, with its limited waters and scattered pools at this time of year, is more than made up by the picturesqueness of the scene presented by the gatherings of the people in its dry bed or along



the sides of the streams. Here is a row of temporary booths; there, whole families squatted with children disporting themselves as they do "on the sands" all the world over. Camels, some of them much disturbed by the noise of the train ponies in "ekkas," bullocks, buffaloes and donkeys, all equipped to carry one or more riders, are waiting around each company of natives; while a whole army of dhobies are busy at one side of the river, making full use of the water, beating on improvised stones and using the hard sand as drying-ground. So much for the Jumna at Agra in the early morning in November. Our first impression of the town and suburbs is that we are still in a very dry and dusty land, drier and dustier even than Lahore. We had an opportunity of seeing what bungalows, gardens and grounds are like, while passing part of the day with an old Ceylon friend, a Military officer now stationed here. To keep a vegetable garden alive requires the use of a couple of bullocks three full days in the week, to work at the deep well and bring up a sufficient quantity of water. Instead of grass or shrubs, the compound of three or four times the average size in Colombo, simply shows caked clay or earthy sand. Any little patch of grass must be regularly watered. Pot plants require constant attention. Trees are fairly numerous—Neem, Ficus, Mango, Custard Apple, etc.—and the roads inside the native towns are splendidly wide, straight avenues well-bordered with trees; but oh, the dust!—and the cheerlessness of the outlook from a pasturage or floral point of view. Very great care is taken all over Northern India, in guarding young trees along avenues or public roads: we have noted at least four modes of

protection :—(1) a clay wall two or three feet high all round as if encircling a small well—this protects from wind as well as dust and a good deal of sun. Sometimes this was covered over, we suppose, to protect very young plants from early morning frost or the too great heat of the midday sun ; (2) a loose, brick circle round the young tree ; (3) a round, brick masonry wall with small openings ; and (4) an iron lattice circlet. So, the growing of roadside trees is evidently a comparatively difficult and important business. Notwithstanding the apparent sparseness of grass, horses, which are comparatively very cheap throughout Northern India, look in good condition and are well cared for. [No rickshaws are visible in Lahore, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore or Lucknow : we heard of two kept for private use in one town.]

That delightful grassy lawns and flower gardens can exist at Agra, when surrounded by high walls and regularly irrigated, was shown during our very first drive which was to the “Ram-bagh” (Garden of Rest) and tomb of Itimad-ud-Dowlah, for which we crossed a pontoon, or boat bridge, and found both delightfully placed overlooking the Jumna which here has its waters concentrated in one stream, running past the Garden terraces. Full of greenery, flowers, shrubs, trees and birds, these constitute an attraction in natural beauty, only second to the Gardens of the Taj. The work on the tomb is besides some of the finest in Agra. The mausoleum is entirely encased with white marble, beautifully inlaid with “pietra dura” work. Wonderfully delicate relief scrolls mark the doorways overhead and the window recesses are filled in with exquisite marble lattice work.

Thence, we passed to the "Taj Mahal" (Crown Palace) properly "Taj-bibike Koza" or "The Crown Lady's Tomb." Full of the dome and mausoleum we were not prepared for the splendour of the approach, the magnificently ornamented gateway of red sandstone filled in with inscriptions from the Koran in white marble, and surmounted by 28 marble cupolas. Then there is the exquisite setting of the Taj structure in a garden of greenery, fountains and expanses of water bounded by marble walls and terraces with an avenue of cypress trees, beyond which are flower beds and lawns surrounded by palms and a great variety of flowering trees, shrubs and pot-plants, the display of many varieties of chrysanthemum and beds of violets being alone worth a visit. All are kept in the best of order at the expense of Government, and there are gate and door keepers at every turn (while we found a pious native coming of an evening to feed the fish in the fountain beds or tanks). The whole quadrangle is enclosed by lofty sandstone walls on three sides, the Jumna forming the fourth. The contrast between dull red sandstone, the abounding greenery, the glistening waters and the pearly grey or creamy white of the mausoleum has to be seen and felt rather than described. We approach the "Taj" very gradually, sitting down on one terrace and standing on the next, to take it all in if possible. The afternoon sun cast an opaline tint over the dome and we watched the gradual shading off into neutral tints and the renewal of a creamy whiteness under a moon three-quarters full. We have therefore seen the Taj by misty morning light, under an afternoon and sinking sun, and with a splendid moon covering the marble with silvery sheen, and each had its own

advantage in setting off this marvel of structural beauty.

But now we climb the superb marble terrace (over 300 feet square) on which is erected the beautiful pile itself. The richly decorated front demands more attention than we can give it before entering. We are led to the marble cenotaphs of the Mogul Emperor and his wife, and the native keeper begins chattering over the precious stones inlaid on the marble, jasper, cornelian, turquoise, garnets, &c., all from different countries, and then pointing to a delicate flowery border in the most precious of metals, he added, "and this gold from Ceylon!" We doubt the statement; for gold (never over plentiful in Ceylon) must have been freely got much nearer. [On reference afterwards to an authority, we find "Lapis-Lazuli" credited to Ceylon, the square yard costing R1,156.] Every part, even the basement, the domes and galleries of the minarets, are the subject of inlaid work and ornamentation, marbles of different colours, chiefly a pale brown and bluish violet, and other more precious stones are in parts lavishly used. Considering the vastness of the whole structure and the exquisite details. Bishop Heber well said that the Moguls designed like Titans and finished like Jewellers. It is asserted that the whole of the Koran is inlaid in the Taj! Of as much interest as the richly adorned tombs above and in the vault below, with their double screens of white marble trellis work, is

#### THE WONDERFUL ECHO.

The native keeper began in a rich bass, but the effect was even more striking and delightful with a high treble and we can quite believe that the

echo here is sweeter, purer, more musical and prolonged than under any dome in Europe, finer even than that experienced in the Baptistry of Pisa, generally acknowledged to be the finest in Europe. We spent some little time testing and enjoying the Taj echo. We had fixed that the best point from which to view the Taj was from a point which we paced to 50 yards along the walk facing the terrace; and we were naturally interested afterwards to read in a translation of Persian *MS.* (published by Newman, Calcutta) that the best place is about 40 yards down the walk. The manuscript further gives some interesting particulars not often quoted:—‘The Head Master Builder, the Illuminator from Persia and the Master Mason from Bagdad, each drew R1,000 a month salary. Expert workmen from Turkey, Persia, Delhi, Cuttack and the Punjaub got from R100 to R500 a month. The white marble came from Jaipur (which seems to have been the quarry for all Northern India), the yellow from alongside the river Nerbudda costing R40 per square yard; black marble from Charkot R90; crystal from China R570; turquoises from Tibet; agate from Yemen; lapis-lazuli from Ceylon (R1,156); coral from Red Sea; garnets and diamonds from Bundulkund; onyx and amethyst from Persia; “sapphires from Lanka (Ceylon)” and 114,000 cartloads of red sandstone from Fatehpur Sikri. The annalist quaintly adds:—“Many other precious stones were also used in the inlaying of the flowers which have no name in our language” (Persian). Commenced in A.D. 1630, the Taj was not finished till 1647 and its cost is variously estimated at from 18 to 32 millions of rupees; but “much of the materials and labour remained unpaid for”! (There were

originally two silver doors at the entrance; but they, as well as many precious stones, were taken away and turned into coin by marauding Jats). No wonder, therefore, when the Emperor Shah Jehan proposed to build another Taj, as a mausoleum for himself, that he should be deemed unfit to govern and be deposed by his son Aurangzeb, although allowed to live quietly at Agra for the rest of his life, his successor making Delhi his capital. Agra is, of course, Akbarabad, the town of the great Mogul ruler, Akbar; but his favourite residence was 23 miles off at Fatehpur Sikri, as testified by its wonderful remains, and he did not leave much mark as builder in Agra itself; but the Fort with its wall of red sand-stone, 60 feet high,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in circuit, with crenelated battlement and numerous turrets and the red palace in the Fort are regarded as Akbar's. We enter the Fort by the north or Delhi gate, an imposing approach, and recall with satisfaction that, in the Mutiny year, a large body of refugees were safely protected within its bounds and that the rebels were several times defeated and severely punished in trying to take the Fort. We had rather a character for our guide, during the hour or two devoted to the palaces, mosques, temples and gardens of the Fort. This was Karam Ilahi whose testimonials from royal princes, generals, millionaires and M.P.'s made us feel highly honoured in being shown round under such guidance. But although Karam Ilahi has written a book of his own on Agra and is able to correct Murray's latest edition in many particulars, we found him a modest as well as very intelligent mentor, and hearing we were from Ceylon, he had pleasant recollections of the late Mr. Hamilton, C.C.S. (who, by the way, published an account of his trip in pamphlet

form), and of Mr. Stanley Bois, to whom he begged us to convey his respectful salutation and remembrances.

A long and rather steep stone ascent leads from the gateway to a grand courtyard surrounded by arcades, formerly the tiltyard right in front of a splendid hall, 180 feet long by 60 in width, which was the Judgment seat of Akbar. In an alcove in the centre of the hall is the throne, a pavilion of white marble beautifully carved, with three marble chairs. The private Hall of Audience (with its Jasmine Tower and Golden Pavilion) is, as usual, still more beautiful—the outlook on the river and to the Taj being specially delightful. It communicates with the “Grape Garden,” round which on three sides were the residences of the ladies of the harem, on the fourth being an elegant marble pavilion. This court again communicates with the Mirror Palace or Baths which did not impress us after Amber and Delhi.

The “Pearl Mosque,” close by, is, indeed, a Saracenic architectural gem, absolutely perfect in style and proportions. No other mosque is lined throughout with marble like this, nor can it be said that any place of worship on earth is conceived after a design more chaste and uplifting to the heart of a true spiritual worshipper. Finally the “Jahangir Mahal,” the red stone palace, engages our attention; but we have said enough on the subject of marble halls with jewelled decorations. A court paved with squares of black and white marble, like a backgammon or chess board, was used to play a game with living pieces, by Akbar and his wives, girls moving from square to square as the play went on.—We must not forget also

to mention the historic gates of Somnath, of which so much was made by Lord Ellenborough after the Afghan Campaign in 1842. They were said to be of sandalwood, but are really deodar or cedar, over 20 feet high, elaborately carved and inlaid, but are laid aside in an enclosed verandah, no longer used as gates.

Leaving the Fort, we pass the largest mosque in the town—not equal in size to that of Delhi—and on through the streets and by shops full of Indian work. The town is clean with a good water supply. The Church Mission has a strong agency and St. John's College is doing a great work at Agra. The Baptist Mission has also a long-established agency with schools. There are quite 10,000 Christians in and about Agra; while the Hindus in the city number close on 120,000, and the Muhammadans about half that number. Four different railway lines meet at the Fort Station.

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## CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW.

LUCKNOW, Nov. 26th.

Passing from Agra to Lucknow in the one day by the East India broad-gauge line, we were enabled to take Cawnpore on the way, giving three hours to a drive to the chief Mutiny Memorials which specially attract visitors.

### IN THE COUNTRY AND WITH COUNTRY FOLK.

But we must mention how pleased we were with the much greener and richer appearance of the country (Oudh) as we left Agra behind and drew nearer to Cawnpore; and then we had a great feast in colour, dress, features and figures at each



country station, of which we stopped at some 16, including the important town of Etawah, where we took breakfast. It turned out that next day (November 28th) was a great Hindu festival, necessitating a visit to, and bath in, the Ganges at Cawnpore (or in the Gumti at Lucknow to those nearer that town) and the villagers and cultivators with their families and much household goods—to judge by the enormous bundles they hoped to squeeze into carriages with them—were thus starting betimes, as Cawnpore was only a few hours off. Our train could not negotiate one per cent. of the crowds, in holiday-attire,\* who ran up and down the platform in their eager search after an empty carriage or seat—many of them, fine tall stalwart men and women, evidently well-fed from a fertile soil. This was especially the case as we entered the Province of Oudh—whence, in pre-Mutiny times, some of the biggest of the Sepoys used to be drawn. We were told that one or two special trains would follow for the benefit of the holiday-makers. But what struck us was the good nature and yet frank outspokenness of the crowd. Such a clatter of tongues! An empty first-class compartment attracted one rustic's notice, and in rushed a whole village lot of folk, only to be incontinently turned out, more forcibly than politely, by the station native peon—yet not a trace of ill-humour or complaint beyond a general explanation, all talking together.—So far, indeed, (from Tuticorin to Lahore and down to Lucknow)

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\* This reminds us of a story told of some Chief or Rajah from the hills, travelling by train for the first time with his suite, who were found, when tickets were checked, crouched on the table and seats of their saloon carriage with the water swashing about. One of them had turned on the tap in the bath-room and afterwards did not see how it could be turned off.

we have seen no tipsy man, no angry quarrel, no beating of a child, in all the many crowds, streets and bazaars traversed : everywhere courtesy, ("make way for Sahib") attention or good-humoured interest.

Notwithstanding the many holiday or festival groups, there were plenty left to work in the fields, ploughing and reaping going on together in different plots ; bullocks and men working hard at wells which seem the great stand-by for irrigation. Dotted with mango topes which made the country seem as well-wooded (with orchards say) as Kent or Herts, it was most refreshing to gaze on the landscape, and Cawnpore (and afterwards Lucknow) presented a great contrast to Agra. They reminded us much more of Colombo, with their varied and abundant vegetation, many trees and flowers, nice gardens and abundance of green meadows and parks. The roads are splendid, and cyclists are numerous—European, Eurasian, and native—as they ought to be in towns where business-places, bazaars, hotels and railway stations are so distant from each other as a rule. (What a magnificent cycling route, the Grand Trunk Road, 2,000 miles from Calcutta upwards on an easy gradient, should offer to an enterprising cyclist in the cold season !)

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#### CAWNPORE.

We picked up, or rather were picked up, by an old soldier guide at Cawnpore, whose story was in itself worth hearing. A Welshman born in the same year as "Bobs" (Field-Marshal Roberts), as he told us, he was in Lucknow during the Mutiny, with Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell. He

served his full 21 years, got his shilling-a-day pension and went home, but, after four years, got tired of the "cold," enlisted and came out again; and now, after 46 years of India and at nearly 70 years of age, he is fixed at Cawnpore, where he likes to act as guide to visitors, and add a little to his pension, now a rupee a day. He first took us to the open field which was the site of Sir Hugh Wheeler's ill-chosen entrenchment, so heroically held for 21 days against an overwhelming enemy spurred on to fire day and night by the implacable Nana, whose treachery was only discovered when it was all too late. One could see at a glance how utterly hopeless was such a position for defence as compared with "the Ridge" at Delhi, "the Residency" at Lucknow, and, above all, the Fort at Agra. The historic well is still seen, where the besieged could alone get any water though every bucket was at the risk of one or more lives. A handsome stone cross marks the burial-place of those who fell during the siege, and a fine Memorial Church (cost £20,000) has been erected at one end of the entrenchment and is full of tablets to officers and others of different regiments who perished. Close by is an enclosure with tombstone and cross to the memory of Major Vibart and 70 more—officers, soldiers and civilians—slaughtered on the boats which tried to escape down the river. But chief of all Mutiny Memorials at Cawnpore, or, indeed, in India, because commemorating the most tragical and saddest of stories, is the Memorial Garden of some 30 acres, enclosed, charmingly laid out and beautifully kept, with lawns, flower-beds, etc., etc.; but inside of which no game or amusement can take place, no band can play, and no native (without a special

pass) can traverse. For, here, at one end, took place one of the foulest atrocities ever perpetrated in any warfare, when the diabolical Nana ordered some 125 women and children to be butchered, and then that all—wounded, dying and dead, some little children said to be still uninjured—to be thrown indiscriminately into a well. Over this, on a raised mound, is the central and chief Memorial, a circular platform on which stands a figure representing “the angel of the resurrection” with wings outspread, arms crossed on her breast, each hand holding a palm leaf draped and bending over the spot, with most tender and saddest of looks. Designed by Baron Marochetti and executed in purest white marble, this is surrounded by a beautiful octagonal Gothic screen, also of marble. All this is, indeed, a fitting Memorial on which to place the inscription over the arch:—“These are they which came out of great tribulation”; while around the wall, marking the circle of the well, there runs:—“Sacred to the perpetual Memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who, near this spot, were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel, Nana Dhandu Punt, and cast the dying with the dead, into the well below, on 15th July, 1857.” All is now peaceful, green and restful to the eye, in this quietest and neatest of gardens: how great the contrast to the scenes enacted here less than 45 years ago!

We drove through the bazaar—a bright and busy one—back to the railway station: we noticed an improvement on previous inscriptions; for, here an English-lettered sign-board indicated “Benevolent Dispensary,” and another “Friends’ Dispensary.” At one point we crossed an irrigation canal, which our soldier-guide described as costing two millions

pounds to the British Government and some 1,200 miles long: we cannot answer for the figures—indeed the old Welshman was puzzled as to its being an “Elevation” or “Irrigation” channel. [We have since seen that it was the Ganges Canal, which, coming from the Punjaub, terminates at Cawnpore which we crossed, and that it cost more than £2,000,000 sterling.]

From the railway line afterwards we noted the “Slaughter Ghaut,” where, under a guarantee of safety, General Wheeler’s surrendered party had come to leave the town by boats on the river as agreed, but where instead they were fired on by grape-shot and rifles as soon as they had embarked.

Cawnpore is a town of about 200,000 people, and some five railway lines from different directions converge upon it. The headquarters of the Upper India Chamber of Commerce are here (should not our Colombo Chamber exchange Reports with it?) and there is a large grain and cotton market; while it is surrounded by quite a number of woollen and cotton factories, flour mills, tanneries, boot and leather manufactory, Government harness works, sugar mills, &c., &c.

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#### AT LUCKNOW.

In the afternoon (Nov. 25th) we ran on by train 42 miles to Lucknow, the old capital of Oudh, situated on the Gumti river which is spanned by a stone and an iron bridge, apart from railway bridges, and which is a place of great railway activity as is indicated by its busy and extensive station, lying between the cantonments and the city. Lucknow is greatly altered since the Mutiny:

whole lines of native houses and public buildings that stood around the places defended by the British and along Havelock's and Sir Colin's Campbell's lines of advance to the Relief of the Residency having been pulled down and parks and gardens established instead. But Lucknow has still a population of quite 300,000, and Rudyard Kipling must be writing with some personal experience and authority when he says in "Kim" recently published :—

"There is no city—except Bombay the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish style than *Lucknow*, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or from the top of the Imambara looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the centre of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury, and shares with Delhi the claim to talk the only pure Urdu."

We are not prepared to dispute a single item in the list; but the impression we have received is that (outside the native town which is crowded with narrow streets and impassable lanes with nothing specially attractive in the architecture) we have as yet seen no place with such delightful surroundings as Lucknow in well-wooded, grassy parks, delightful gardens, roads quite as good as the best in Colombo and far finer as avenues, reminding us more than once of the Champs Elysees. Set in the midst of well-kept gardens and near to Parks, the English bungalows all look well, and at intervals we come on historic buildings, summer retreats of the kings, pleasure gardens, tombs, college, or mosque, all of which render the morning or evening drive interesting and instructive as well as delightful. Kipling, in referring to the "garish style" of Lucknow, must have meant the cluster of ex-royal palaces, pleasure-houses, temples,

and mosques ; for, as compared with Agra and Delhi even, and much more with Bombay, the native town is despicable, and we are confirmed in this opinion by a local authority who speaks of the native city as meanly built and squalid, the only bright point being "the Chauk" or principal street for native shops, workers in silver and gold embroidery, in inlaying, clay figures, lace work, &c., with their residences above. We probably saw "the Chauk" at a disadvantage ; for, being a holiday time, half or more of the shops were shut ; but there was nothing artistic to catch our eye in the buildings. The street was narrow, close and at parts smelly, and we were glad (after some shopping) when our promenade came to an end. Nevertheless, we had a curious experience in this centre of the once most fanatical town of India. It was

#### A MOTLEY PROCESSION

in memory of some rich or holy man who died 100 years ago and left money to keep up this annual procession through the Chauk, his body in effigy being carried inside a tinsel, silvery, toy-looking ship carried in a dhoolie or stretcher by gaily-dressed relatives or retainers who relieved each other at intervals. First, however, in line, came a huge, caparisoned elephant, then three or four camels ridden by their drivers, next a company of sturdy beggars with cloths outspread to catch, if possible, one or more of a handful of copper coins flung by a man in front of the bier ; then came groups of fair-looking Hindus, boys, lads, young and old men, playing at a game with short, painted sticks—four in each group, keeping excellent time and sometimes chanting. Next there was some native music, an impossible flute with a comically

young player, a pipe, a tom-tom—the bier—then a native brass band very grotesque in dress and much out of the ordinary in time and music. Finally, came four or five gaily caparisoned and really nice-looking horses. No,—before them was a great collection of flags and pennons on poles, held up chiefly by old women, who might, from their poor looks and dress, be the wives of the sturdy beggars aforesaid. Very childish and absurd altogether; but full of attraction to the crowds who followed, and especially to the long procession of villagers, men, women, and children who had come in that morning to bathe in the Gumti; while even the dignified, among the shopkeepers, and their families from the balconies, deigned to have a look as all passed slowly by, in the narrow Chauk. For ourselves, the utmost courtesy was experienced, though quite alone without a word of the language, we were invited to step inside a silver work-place out of the way of the elephant, &c.; chairs (round basket ones) were procured for us and we saw all to great advantage. The ordinary promenaders were indeed full of interest; villagers with much variety in size, feature, dress, and ornament, keen merchants, nice-looking Gurus, grotesque fakirs, and anon a Hindu dandy in the colours of the rainbow, with cap of gold, hair oiled and curled, as mincing in his looks and gingerly in his steps as if he had just wandered out of a Shakespearian Italian play. Certainly, one can believe that the Chauk—perhaps a mile from end to end—must be a lively scene when lighted up with oil lamps at night, shops all ablaze, and the balconies fully occupied. So dense then becomes the crowd of natives, that we were told it was not very safe for Europeans who might get



jostled and their pockets picked. We can, too, in Lucknow, best of all understand what Meredith Townshend writes in his book on India :—

“It would be hard to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent; how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious. The whole continent was open as a prize to the strong. . . . A brigand, for Sivajee was no better, became a mighty sovereign. A herdsman built a monarchy in Baroda. A body-servant founded the dynasty of Scindiah. A corporal cut his way to the independent crown of Mysore. The first Nizam was only an officer of the Emperor. Runjeet-Singh's father was what Europeans would call a prefect. There were literally hundreds who founded principalities, thousands of their potential rivals, thousands more who succeeded a little less grandly, conquered estates, or became high officers under the new princes.”

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LUCKNOW, Nov. 26.

No doubt it is true that many gay scenes were witnessed here when, as the capital of native Oudh, Lucknow had double (?) its present population (a large number dissolute idlers, scattered after the Mutiny) and the Chauk was affected by mounted cavaliers, clothed in elaborately embroidered Cashmerian stuffs, preceded by attendants with gold or silver wands, swords, spears, or insignia of office; officials seated in gaily-painted, open palanquins, with armed retainers, or with a mounted escort, the horses in red and green trappings; or again, in gracefully-carved silver howdahs on elephants. The indispensable thing in Lucknow, as, indeed, all over Oudh, previous to Annexation, was *arms*. No man's life or property was safe unless he could protect it; robberies were of hourly occurrence; utter lawlessness, oppression, and torture prevailed:—and yet, when Annexation came after ten years of continuous warning to the demoralised King, there was a great outburst of lamentation in the

city, and 40,000 soldier-robbers throughout the country were quite ready to join and abet the Sepoy rebels, a large proportion of whom came from Oudh. [Out of the Sepoy Army of 200,000 in British employ early in 1857, it was said that 40,000 to 60,000 came from Oudh; and at the time of the rebellion, just after the Crimean War, there were only 5,000 British troops in all India, so firm was the trust of the authorities as well as of their officers in the loyalty of the Sepoys !]

This brings us at once to

#### MEMORIALS OF THE MUTINY

which are here even more interesting than at Delhi; because the British—a small body—were here the besieged, not the besiegers; and every bit of the Residency grounds and buildings has its story of determined resistance, passive endurance, narrow escape or heroic death during the 146 days from 30th June to 22nd November when Sir Colin Campbell finally rescued the garrison and brought away the surviving ladies and children. Of course, Havelock and Outram, after many victorious battles against tremendous odds, had come to the relief in the interval; but only to find themselves besieged in turn, showing the inveterate hatred and desperate persistence of this Oudh branch of the rebels and their allies. The siege began with 730 European soldiers, 479 Sikhs and loyal natives, 150 volunteers, 237 women, 260 children, 50 college lads, 27 non-fighting Europeans, and 700 natives. Only 979, including sick and wounded, were left of the garrison on 25th September when reinforced, and the 32nd marched out eventually 250 strong against its original 600. We began our inspection at the Baillie Guard (gateway and wall) held so splendidly

by Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Moncrieff-Aitken and his handful of loyal Sepoys, the survivors of whom were well rewarded, and some, as old pensioners, are still to the fore in Lucknow. The wall of the roofless Treasury opposite this Guard bears ample evidence of the storm of bullets sent in day and night by the rebels. Thence we pass to Dr. (Sir Joseph) Fayrer's house and stand in the very room, also roofless, where Sir Henry Lawrence died—all the buildings are kept in the ruinous state the siege left them in; then round by a series of posts including "Gubbin's" (the Financial Commissioner,—the father, if we mistake not, of our old friend, the esteemed Ceylon planter of that name); back by a lane where an African ex-Shikari of the last King of Oudh, posted on a house opposite, brought down every man or boy who dared show himself on the British side, until Tommy Atkins christened him "Bob the Nailer"—so unerring was his aim. Then by the Cawnpore, Redan and Water Bastion or Battery to the Residency itself, whose walls, marked by shot, shell, and bullets, present a frightful illustration of what the siege must have been. Fortunately, there were underground rooms for the women and children, though shells even got in there, a medalled Guide (an old Eurasian who had been a young clerk to Sir Henry Lawrence and saw him die) showing us a spot where one woman died of fright from the concussion of a shell above her head, though it did not touch her. The room where Sir Henry himself was shattered by a shell was high up and much exposed, though he would not leave it when warned by a shell coming in the previous day, saying no rebel gunner can do that twice! But, alas, it was done with fatal result, as the high pillar memorial

and the plain stone over the grave in the adjoining cemetery, showed us with the simple touching inscription dictated in his dying hour :—

Here lies  
HENRY LAWRENCE,  
Who tried to do his duty :  
May the Lord have mercy on his soul !  
Born 28th June 1806.  
Died 4th of July 1857.

How often have these lines been copied and re-printed ! And yet can the story, with its uplifting, stirring memories, be repeated too often ? And then we cannot forget how Matara, Ceylon, has the honour of being the birth-place of this heroic, most simple and self-denying of men who, as a babe, was shown by Mrs. Lawrence—herself the wife of a brave soldier—as her “Matara diamond,” on being asked what jewels she had brought home from Ceylon ! The same Henry won his military cadetship and landed in Bengal when only 16½ years, and by 21 he was a war-worn veteran !—having come through the Burmese War with hollow cheek and fever-stricken frame. How much good work he did between his 21st and 51st year, let the annals of the Punjaub as well as of Oudh disclose.

To return to the Residency, the guide, who is specially in charge of Chaplain Moore’s wonderful model of the grounds, buildings, batteries, etc., explained from it, in the clearest way, the main incidents of the siege from first to last.

We afterwards traced the course of the advance first of Havelock and Outram with the 78th Highlanders (and other troops) whose bag-pipes are said to have led to “Jessie Brown’s Dream” in the underground room, as she declared she heard the

pibroch of the MacDonalds, "The Campbells are comin'" and "Auld Lang Syne"! Next, we followed the course of Sir Colin Campbell and his brave force in which Garnet Wolseley, then a young Captain, distinguished himself by storming a mosque with a company of the 90th; and we saw the house-top climbed by "Bobs" (then Lieut. Roberts) to signal their arrival to the garrison; but, above all, we paused at the "Sikanderabagh" (walled garden) where 2,000 of the Sepoys were stormed and shot or bayoneted to a man, by Highlanders and Lowlanders (the 93rd Sutherlandshire bore the brunt) made wild by the news of massacres of women and children at Cawnpore and elsewhere. The Martinière College—a fantastic building where some 300 European and Eurasian lads are still boarded and educated—came next, 50 of the boys of '57 taking their share of work in the besieged Residency; while Rebels and British alternately held the College. Then we visited the "Dilkusha" Palace—or rather the ruins—a favourite residence of the King and his ladies, with a still delightful garden, which became the headquarters of Sir Colin Campbell, and here General Havelock died after the relief; but he was buried in the "Alam-bagh" farther outside the town where his tomb is surmounted by an obelisk, 30 feet high, with an inscription recording his death on 24th November, 1857. He it was, with Outram, who first relieved the Residency:—

Bold Havelock an' his Highlanders  
The bravest o' the brave!

But far more, this good as well as brave and able General was able to say as he passed away in a

soldier's tent:—"I die happy and contented: I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

We also visited the "Begam Kotti" (Queen's residence—now the General Post Office) where, in one of the fiercest fights, 800 rebels perishing, Major Hodson of Hodson's Horse, a hero of Delhi—who shot the Mogul Princes with his own hand to prevent a rescue,—fell mortally wounded, like John Nicholson in his very prime, only 35 years. We afterwards saw his grave in a peaceful corner of the delightful Wingfield Park and Gardens, a recent addition to the beauties and "policies" as we should say in Scotland) of Lucknow.

All this about Mutiny times and scenes is a very old story now; but it is ever new, and so long as English History and the English Language last, so long, surely, will Tennyson's lines be remembered, beginning as they do:—

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of  
Britain, hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-  
cry!  
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd  
thee on high  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of  
Lucknow—  
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we  
raised thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of  
England blew."

Sir Henry Lawrence thought the Residency could be held for 15, or at most 30 days; but it held out for 87 till Havelock arrived, and 147 before the final relief by Sir Colin took place. No more memorable siege is recorded in Anglo-Indian, if in any, history.

Of the other sights of Lucknow, the most attractive was the "Great Imambaragh" (the

chiefs' enclosure) an immense Muhammadan building with a central Hall, 163 by 53 feet, with decorations. Climbing to the top of the roof we had an extensive view; but Lucknow native town as well as suburbs seemed as much embowered in trees as is Colombo. The winding Gumti (the word means meandering) had thousands of pilgrim-bathers on its banks, all in holiday attire—and the show here gave us a new idea of the quantity of woollen as well as cotton cloth required by the many millions in Northern India who can afford to clothe as they would wish, and certainly we saw no lack at any of the railway stations or in the towns. Various other buildings, including the late King's series of palace buildings (Kaiser Bagh) were visited; but we were most interested in the Museum which contains, on the ground floor, a very interesting collection of

#### BUDDHIST SCULPTURES

from Muttra, some of which afford indubitable evidence of the influence of Greek art on the Hindus—Buddhists, as most of them then were, during the centuries immediately B.C.

Specimens of various industries for which Lucknow is noted were also here seen and many articles had prices noted on them, by which we were able afterwards to check duplicates in the bazaars. In one street we saw an establishment called "Municipal Dispensary," and also afterwards (if we mistake not) "Municipal School." A respectable-looking bungalow had on its gateway, "Strangers' Home." It surprises us to see how often Barristers, Vakils, and Medical men have their names, titles and degrees on sign-boards before their residences, whether in or out of the native town. One native

shop astonished us in "Old Lucknow," for the sign-board ran :—

KHAN SONS (OR BROS.)  
Civil and Military Tailors and Outfitters ;  
and TEA.

We had not time to stop and enquire if this was an agency for the distribution of tea under the recent Calcutta scheme ; but clearly "Tea" is more and more coming into notice, and the Muhammadan millions of India, especially, may well be expected to make it their drink. At nearly all the hotels we got good tea, and some managers say they use "Lipton's" mixture or blend. [In this connection we may mention for Mr. Philip's refreshment (or rather regret) that one visitor to Ceylon, whom we met in Lucknow, said nothing delighted him more than the

"TEA KIOSK"

right opposite the landing, where "tea, fresh buns and cake" were served for a marvellously low price, and the best of tea supplied in bulk. Great regret was felt at our news of demolishment ; and it did not seem as if news of Tea Rooms close by could atone for the big step backwards. How would a floating Tea Kiosk close to the Jetty suit ?!]

The great variety of fine trees in Wingfield Park and around Lucknow attracted our notice : Teak, Peepul (Bo), Poinciana (Flame), Tamarind, "Madras Fence" (so common in some Ceylon gardens), Sapan full of yellow flowers, Mango, Neem (*Melia Indica*), Australian Eucalypts (we saw one small plantation) and Acacias, a big tree with long snake-like gourds called "snake-tree," and, above all, long rows of *Alstonia scholaris* with its pendulous white flower (I said to our guide "Is that not the tree from which your schoolboys get slates?" as it seemed



to differ from our Colombo tree. "Yes, sir," he at once replied, "that is the tree, the timber is very soft"—hence the 'scholaris,'—a fine specimen, bigger than any here, stands at "Canella Villa," Turret Road), Bael tree (*Aegle marmelos*) laden with fruits, &c., &c.

The American Methodist Episcopal Mission is an important agency, and a great power for good, all over North-West India, as well as in Calcutta—indeed from the metropolis upwards. Its Bishops here (as in America) are among the hardest-working of Christian Ministers. We are afraid to say how many thousand miles (? 170,000) Bishop Warne is said to have travelled during the past few years. We learned a little of the work of the Mission at Lucknow, in a brief conversation with Messrs. Robinson and West. The Churches, Colleges, and Schools of the Mission seem to be admirably worked—the ladies being especially to the front; but it reminded us of a risk unknown in Ceylon to hear of one young worker taken away, and another disabled and sent home, by cholera. The Church and Wesleyan Missions have also important agencies in Lucknow and all work together most fraternally.

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Nov. 27.

Our railway journey of six hours from Lucknow to Benares shewed us a good deal more of

#### THE RICHNESS OF OUDH

in a fertile, well-watered soil. There are numerous streams flowing gently from Nepaul and the lower Himalayas, while the Ganges bounds the whole of the South-West frontier. An immense change for the better has taken place since 1858, nearly every acre being now under cultivation, except where

there are valuable forests. The annual rainfall is only 40 inches and the temperature is from 44 degrees in January to 111 degrees in June—average  $77\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. The Gumti river runs for about 500 miles before it joins the Ganges.

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### AT BENARES.

BENARES, Nov. 28th-29th.

The Oudh and Rohilkund Railway (broad-gauge) which serves Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, etc., is exceedingly comfortable. The traveller can even have a shower-bath in the commodious lavatory, and there is a dining-car attached to some of the trains. The opening inwards of the carriage-doors is a great safeguard against accidents, especially among the crowds of inexperienced natives. It is thought a good stroke of policy in India that nearly all

### THE RAILWAYS

—though virtually State-owned or liable to be taken over on certain conditions—should be leased, or, in any case, worked by private Companies. This is believed to secure more economical management and to save the Government from many complaints—charges as to favouritism to one race more than another in employing or carrying them, Government officials, too,—even of the highest—have none of the privileges so frequently availed of, in Ceylon, of ordering special trains. Even the Viceroy, we believe, pays for his carriage (of course, out of, or part of, travelling allowances); at any rate, all below him do so. There are certain conditions as regards the carriage of troops, and, of course, if the necessity arose, they would have precedence over all the other passengers.

Entering Benares, — “the most ancient and maddest of cities”—the

#### MOST RELIGIOUS HINDU TOWN IN INDIA

from the North, one misses the grand view of the town “with the insanely fantastic river front,” from the magnificent steel-girder bridge across the Ganges (but this we had afterwards, on leaving by an afternoon train for Calcutta), as we watched crowds of white-robed pilgrims bathing in the “sacred waters.” We “did” Benares in two days very thoroughly, thanks to the attention of kind friends in showing us round; and from Mr. Greaves of the London Mission, we had much interesting information as to the progress of Education, Christian Literature, Zenana work, and Christianity in this, perhaps, the most difficult town to deal with in India. It was very cheering to learn of the number of thoughtful, reading Hindus, whose minds had been influenced in favour of Christian teaching; while, as regards the Zenanas, the experience here, as in so many towns, is that there are far more homes open than there are ladies to overtake the work. Benares is favoured with more than one Zenana Mission: a Zenana Hospital admirably managed, also a splendid “Prince of Wales’ Hospital,” and a large Government Women’s Hospital, under very competent management. “Queen’s College,” for the higher education of native youth, with its full staff of University men and native masters, is regarded as one of the most commodious and finest buildings of the kind in Northern India. We also met Mr. Challis, C.M.S., who has pleasant recollections of Ceylon, and a number of other workers of different Societies.

And now as regards the City and its sights: undoubtedly the great surprise and attraction are the

#### GANGES AND THE GHAUTS.

We were not at all prepared to find the Ganges here so wide, deep and noble a river; while the "Ghauts" (the steep stone stairs or steps) and high buildings on the city side—the one bank of the river only is sacred, and only a limited length of that!—are very striking in their way. We gave two mornings to the river and watched the ablutions, meditations and attitudes (standing on one leg, holding the nose, turning round slowly) of Hindu ascetics, Brahmins and more ordinary people. Two ghauts are reserved for burning the remains of Hindus; the pile of firewood is made near the edge of the stream; the body, well wrapped up in cloth, is laid with the feet in the water, until the pile is complete and fire applied. We saw such pyres in all stages. The Ganges, in its successive floods, is, however, undermining and toppling over much of the Ghauts as well as several residences and temples. A clean sweep has been made in some parts; while others are tottering to their fall. May this be taken as indication of what is to happen to an idolatrous faith, believed in, however, at present by many millions, whose dearest wish is to visit their holiest city, and, if possible, to die at Benares. We climbed the Ghauts and walked through the bazaars, visited the Golden as well as the Monkey Temple, also several sacred spots—very dirty city tanks, most of them—such as "the well of knowledge," etc. Temples, large and small, are counted by the thousand; while, of idols, in Benares, there must be one for every inhabitant of 250,000! The bazaars

and their various industries—especially in brass \* and “kincob” (embroidered) work—are very interesting, and the narrow lanes are wonderfully clean, considering the dust. For we found Benares to be a repetition, not of green and grassy Cawnpore and Lucknow, but of dry, dusty, bare Agra. There are, comparatively, few mosques, although the Mogul rulers tried hard to turn it into a Muhammadan town, demolishing all the Hindu shrines; but now the whole city is specially regarded as the peculiar domain of Siva or Shiva, whose ensign, a gilt trident, or a perforated disc, flashes from the pinnacles of a thousand temples. There are, however, several Jain temples; but their adherents are said generally to be too busy money-making to give due attention to religion. Though never Buddhists,

#### THE JAINS

still preserve some of the distinctive Buddhist doctrines. They are free, too, from the extravagant idolatry of the Hindus. They reverence certain saintly souls, who, by meditation, are believed by them to have raised themselves to the highest spiritual altitude. They have a scrupulous regard for animal and vegetable life in every form, dust their seats before sitting down, and use a piece of fine linen over their mouths when drinking water to save the life of any insect in the way! Their temples are often very beautiful and always clean—an agreeable contrast to those of worshippers of Siva, Vishnu, etc. As regards the every-day life in Benares and on the river-side, no better description can be found than Sir Edwin Arnold's,

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\* As an evidence of up-to-date work, a brass plate or shield was shown to us at the principal establishment called a “Transvaal War Brass,” there being a series of fighting figures (British and Boers) all round the margin!

although written (in the "Light of Asia") of another city 2,000 years ago. We quote what is quite as applicable to the present day :—

"Forth fared they by the common way afcot  
 Seeing the glad and sad things of the town ;  
 The painted streets alive with hum of noon,  
 The traders cross-legged, mid their spice and grain,  
 The buyers with their money in their cloth,  
 The war of words to cheapen this or that,  
 The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,  
 The strong slow oxen and their rustling roads,  
 The singing bearers with their palanquins,  
 The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,  
 The house-wives bearing water from the well  
 With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips  
 The black-eyed babes ; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shop,  
 The weaver at his loom, the cotton bow  
 Twanging, the mill-stones grinding meal, the dogs  
 Prowling for orts. . . . .

Here a throng  
 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer  
 Wind round his wrist the living jewellery  
 Of asp and nág, or charm the hooded death  
 To angry dance to drone of beaded gourd ;  
 There a long time of drums and horns, which went  
 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies  
 To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife  
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god  
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade  
 Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths  
 Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass  
 For lamps and lotas ; then by temple walls  
 And gateways, to the river. . . . .

We were glad to have time to pay a visit to

#### SARNATH.

three miles from Benares, the site of famous Buddhist remains, and where Buddha is supposed to have taught. There are two great mounds with towers which reminded us very much of some of the Dagobas at Anuradhapura, notably the Jetawana-rama. Clearly the remains of a monastery and temple (such as Mr. Bell has excavated) lie around, and in the collection of carved stone remains,

gathered in a locked wooden enclosure, we recognised many parallels to the Ceylon remains—stones with the sacred goose (*hansa*) and with the lotus flower; while, outside, the site of a large *pokuna* was clearly visible. Devastation was wrought here by the Brahmins who extinguished Buddhism and burnt down and razed to the ground this monastic establishment. There is a Jain temple, still used, close by.

Wonderfully complete is the tillage of garden and field all around Benares. Not a rood is missed, save where brick-making goes on; and under the numerous

#### • TOPES OF MANGOES

we could see that the ground round the trees had been ploughed or otherwise broken and turned up; while we saw one man, with a long blade tied to a bamboo, busy pruning his trees.

We had our

#### BEST VIEW OF BENARES

from the railway train in leaving it of an afternoon for Calcutta. Looking back from the Dufferin Bridge ( $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long and costing R7,500,000) over the Ganges, we had a grand panorama of temples and mosques and other buildings (including Jaysingh's famous Observatory), surmounted by domes and minarets, with the Ghauts in front, crowded by people in great varieties of dress, as they doubtless represented pilgrims from all parts of India. The city altogether extends for three miles along the left bank of the Ganges and lies 100 feet above the level of the river, so that it has a strikingly noble appearance from a distance.

## EN ROUTE TO CALCUTTA.

We left Benares on the afternoon of the 29th, changed on to the East India Railway (the Punjaub Mail) at Moghul Serai and a crowded train. We had the benefit, however, of very interesting conversation with fellow-travellers—chiefly officials who knew the country well and were interested in Ceylon. We learned a great deal about Railways, Public Works, Irrigation, Canals, Water Levers, Crime and Jails ; also a Highland Doctor's experience in the Mofussil through three epidemics of cholera and plague which tried his nerves greatly to begin with, but in regard to which (cholera) he is now quite as indifferent as in the midst of fever and surgical cases. And yet he had suffered heavy loss personally, in an esteemed colleague here and a dear relative there, suddenly cut down. He blames servants often for disobeying orders and visiting affected bazaars, and being careless also about the water they use. Dr. ——— had also much experience of fever in the terai and tea districts—nearly losing his own life from an attack—and described several parts where no European can live, the gardens being in charge of Babus.

An encouragement to the Ceylon Government in regard to the

## COLONISATION OF NORTH-CENTRAL CEYLON

when railway and tanks are done, we were told by a high official (a college chum of a well-known retired Ceylon Civil Servant) of more than one recent most successful Settlement in the Punjaub, means of irrigation being first provided. At Lalpur, we think, where one man to the square mile used to be the rule, there are now 750,000 people settled in agricultural villages, hard at work



growing crops, they getting at first their bits of land free for two or three years and the water being supplied at a moderate rate.

The great number of

#### CANALS AND CHANNELS

along our route to Calcutta surprised us, and the upkeep of them requires a large staff; while it is often difficult to get some of them to pay, especially in a good season of rain, when the cultivators do not require to buy Government water! Attention to this water distribution prevents officers in charge getting any leave during almost the worst months of the year—July to October; and even from some of the largest and most successful works of irrigation throughout the country, the return to Government is very low, though, of course, their protective character is very important.

As to criminals, it was strange to hear how certain castes or industries developed special crimes: a tribe dealing in skins becoming cattle-poisoners; while in the Mofussil, as in Ceylon, many get so fond of their regular good prison fare, even with hard work, as to be attracted back too often!—But I must stop: it is impossible to do justice in “Notes by the way” to information and observations which, we trust, may bear fruit, or prove useful, in years to come.

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#### IN CALCUTTA.

Dec. 2.

The journey from Benares to Calcutta occupied some 18 hours. The names of several places passed were familiar:—Arrah (with its stirring Mutiny incidents where part of the 37th Regiment from Ceylon fell into an ambush and where eventually

Vincent Eyre got in by the railway track which was unoccupied, and through bullocks being employed to pull the guns, which the Hindus would not shoot), Dinapore, Bankipore and Patna (a great centre of the Indigo industry and whence Buddhagaya could be visited, had we only had time) and so on. We were much struck with the change in the vegetation as we neared Calcutta, owing to its low, moist, as well as warm climate! Bamboos, palms (the coconut, freely, with some arecas) and long extending gardens of plantains, grew in as much profusion as if we were in Ceylon in place of being close to the outermost verge of the tropics. Calcutta may be, and is, a great metropolis—a city of palaces—but it has a miserable Railway Station at

#### HOWRAH,

and may well profit by the example of Bombay or even Madras. That was our first impression. Next we found “gharries”—palanquin carriages—wonderfully moderate: 12 annas (75 cents) first hour for first class, and 6 annas each hour after, or R3½ for the day. (Strange, how rates vary; at Cawnpore R2 first hour, and R1 afterwards was the printed scale shown to us; but that may have been for two horses).

Our drive from Howrah Station took us at once across the Hooghly—a very busy scene—along “the Strand” (full of heavy traffic) into some of the finest streets of the city and certainly

#### DALHOUSIS SQUARE

**907917A**

and its neighbourhood are very fine. The General Post Office, Telegraph Office, Secretariat and other Government offices, Dalhousie Institute and other fine buildings form the square which is large enough

with the enclosed gardens and tank in the centre, to take in nearly the whole "Fort Ward" of Colombo! The Viceroy's residence, situate in six acres of gardens and grounds, stands not far off with imposing gates and approaches. We were duly impressed, too, with the far-extending Maidan ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in diameter!) with Fort William at one end; the wide river on another side, full of large steamers; magnificent roads; numerous statues, and the delightful Eden Gardens where the band plays (6 to 7 p.m.) by electric and gas light. Yes, we were certainly in a city of magnificent distances, parks and gardens, as well as palaces, and we saw that, in some respects, Calcutta was unique in its grandeur. But there is another side, of which more anon.

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Dec. 3rd.

Apart from St. Andrews gathering, we gave such time as we had to calls on officials, merchants and missionary friends; but, as we had planned to leave for Darjeeling on the afternoon of December 3rd, there was not much time to spare. We have said there is another side to palatial Calcutta, and that is to be seen in a drive through the bazaars which generally look inferior, dilapidated and unattractive after the chief bazaars of Bombay. One strange experience here, however, is that large and handsome mansions surrounded by gardens appear every now and then in the middle of mean-looking native streets, though separated usually by high walls from the boutiques or huts on each side. Circular Road (upper and lower) is a wonderfully long and wide thoroughfare and there we found the headquarters of the Baptist Mission and of the English-speaking-Church, and had a hearty welcome from the Revs. Herbert

Anderson, North and Davies and Mr. Harvey. Dr. Rouse, the learned linguist and orientalist, who is completing his 40th year as missionary, in a few months, we saw afterwards. We also saw the lady-workers of the Zenana Mission and Schools, where great success, in numbers of pupils and homes opened, has been attained. Circular Road Chapel with its tablets to old missionaries is very interesting; and here we felt quite at home, meeting many old friends, including the Hon. Mr. Sale (now Judge of the High Court), Messrs. Sykes, Hooper, etc., attending the pleasant service and stimulating as well as scholarly discourses of Mr. North, formerly Pastor in Dunedin and brother of the well-known A.R.A., whose work as painter Herkomer ranked so high in his Oxford Lectures. Calcutta has many fine Churches and

#### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

is a noble, as well as chaste, building, reminding us in part of a bit of Westminster Abbey. It was crowded to the door at a service attended by one of our party. The marble statue of Bishop Heber in a kneeling position, with the one word "Heber" on its base in front, is very striking. Thackeray's inscription on a tablet to his cousin, Mr. Wm. Ritchie, Member of Council, is the most impressive in the Cathedral.

The

#### ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

with its most interesting and admirably arranged collection of animals, birds, fishes, etc., surrounded by attractive grounds and gardens, where a good band plays from time to time, is one of the show-places of Calcutta, and also affords most

useful object lessons to young, as well as older, people.

A call at

#### THE MUSEUM

to see Dr. Geo. Watt, C.I.E., (who was out of town) gave us the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Hooper and Mann both hard at work in the laboratory. (Mr. Mann's valuable book on Tea Manures and Manuring will have reached you by this time). Some of the Bank offices in Calcutta are very fine; but they are likely to be outshone by the new block now in course of erection for the National Bank of India. Calling on Mr. Touch (who was looking very well after a recent trip home) he showed us the plan of a grand pile, 175 feet of frontage by 85 feet, which will be in the centre of the business quarter of the city. Still larger is the "Army and Navy Co-operative Stores," facing the Maidan, on which, it is said, over three lakhs of rupees are to be spent. Of the Y.M.C.A. building, I had some experience later on. There is, however, no immediate prospect of Calcutta (any more than Bombay) getting an Hotel equal to our Galle Face or G.O.H. The Great Eastern with 250 bed-rooms is a big place and well managed; but there is a want of finish and convenience in many ways about its arrangements: it is comparable to a huge caravanserai in some respects. It is marvellous how Calcutta fills up for the cold weather and gets emptied again of so many of its European and official elements in March. Rents are extraordinarily high: R400 for a flat in a big house and R750 per month for a bungalow being not uncommon; and yet good board and lodging for young men can be got for R125, or even, in some cases, for less than in Colombo.

## DARJEELING AND THE SNOWS.

WOODLANDS HOTEL, DARJEELING, Dec. 5th.

The way hither from Calcutta is a pleasant, varied and interesting one. We left the Sealdah station of the Eastern Bengal State Railway about 4 p.m. railway time; (4.30 local or Calcutta time—there is often much confusion over these different times). This station is, we suppose, quite 1½ hour's drive from the greater Howrah station on the other side of the Hooghly from which you start for the North-West, Bombay, Madras, etc. How, or when, Calcutta can ever have a central or grand station like Bombay, it is difficult to see. The Hooghly stands in the way and the bridging of this river for a railway seems to baffle financiers, rather than engineers, we suppose, for a bridge is now tolerated which has to be opened (like our Kelani Bridge of Boats) on certain days for many hours, to the stoppage of traffic, or its diversion to a boat ferry. It is simply marvellous that for so many years the people of Calcutta, its merchant princes and several Governments—Municipal, Provincial and Viceregal or Imperial—should go on after such an old-fashioned, cumbrous and costly mode of transit. [Since leaving Calcutta we have seen that a Syndicate has at last formulated a scheme for a permanent road and railway bridge to carry four lines of rail over the Hooghly and for a Central station, etc.]

But we are at the other and Northern end of Calcutta for the present, and as we clear the town we are once again struck with the great resemblance to the country round Colombo, at any rate in much of the vegetation with coconut and areca palms, plantain gardens, bamboos and mango trees,

and the general look of the lower vegetation ; while pools and swamps, as well as tanks, are not uncommon. "Dum-dum" and "Barrackpore" stations remind us of the Mutiny era ; for here the first signs of the rebellion over the "greased cartridges" broke out. Pleasant suburbs they both look ; but of the latter more anon. We are in a highly cultivated and moist region. Factories with their tall smoky chimneys are numerous ; and anon a long expanse of fields, dotted with herds of cattle in many cases, more or less numerous. We have a few minutes at Bogoola for "tea," and about 8 p. m. arrive at Damookdeah on the banks of the Ganges, 116 miles from Calcutta, and speedily find our baggage caught up by coolies and transferred, we following, to a large river steamer ; but one not quite so large as the American " Falls River" steamers, or the one at Sacramento Ferry, California, which took on our whole train as it stood and connected it with the rails on the other side. The Ganges' boat was comfortable enough. On its deck the considerable party of passengers had dinner, by the end of which we were ready to leave the steamer and join the metre-gauge train which carried us all night to Silliguri, 320 miles from Calcutta and about 400 feet above sea-level. Here, after chota-hazri, we took seats in the diminutive-looking carriages of the

## 2-FEET-GAUGE DARJEELING-HIMALAYAN RAILWAY.

The great feature is that both locomotives and carriages are hung so low as to secure stability on their base and prevent any inclination to topple over, in winding round the numerous sharp curves, loops or spirals and reverses or zigzags. We found the trip comfortable, even with the limited

accommodation, because of the cool air we encountered from the mountains—a long run in the hot low-country would have been trying. As it was, the slow rate of travelling, six to seven miles an hour, became tedious; but that was on our return when the novelty had worn off and when night overtook our toy train before it had got out of the region of twists and turns and reversings amidst scarped hill-sides and precipices. Going up, we have first a spell of seven miles on comparatively level ground, and then the climb of 7,000 feet (bringing us to an altitude 1,200 feet higher than is attained at summit level on the Uva line, the highest point here at Ghoom rock being 7,407 feet, and then there is a fall to Darjeeling of 600 feet). What is at once apparent is that this railway, wonderful as it is, could never have been made, save for the wide metalled road which preceded it and which was, indeed, the greater engineering piece of work of the two. Still, Mr. Prestage deserves all credit for his unique mountain-locomotive line.

But first, on the flat, we cross the Mahanuddy river by a bridge 700 feet long, and we are at once in the Terai, with its fine soil and often deadly climate. Here, we have the opportunity of inspecting one or two tea gardens as we glide slowly along and notice weeds nearly as high as the tea, no doubt ready to be cut down and dug in as tillage, at the proper time, after the manner on so many Indian tea plantations. As we begin to climb, the splendid jungle attracts attention, and we note magnificent “toon” trees—such as tempted the late A. M. Ferguson to do so much to introduce this tree both on Abbotsford and at Nuwara Eliya. Graceful creepers and orchids and sometimes dense jungle make us feel as if we were climbing



into the hill-country in the early days of Planting in Ceylon. We think of Kim's first ascent from the Plains with the Pathan horse-dealer and their numerous fellow-travellers by road of course :—

"It was all pure delight—the wandering road, climbing, dipping, and sweeping about the growing spurs; the flush of the morning laid along the distant snows; the branched cacti, tier upon tier on the stony hillsides; the voices of a thousand water-channels; the chatter of the monkeys; the solemn deodars, climbing one after another with down-drooped branches; the vista of the Plains rolled out far beneath them; the incessant twanging of the tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve; the halts for prayers; . . . the evening conferences by the halting-places, when camels and bullocks chewed solemnly together, and the stolid drivers told the news of the Road—all these things lifted Kim's heart to song within him."

But very soon we turn our first loop and the view begins to open out into a grand panorama over the plains which for extent far exceeds anything seen in Ceylon, and with the noble, meandering Teesta river (which has its source 17,000 feet above sea-level) in the foreground. A small island in this river is pointed out where three tigers were killed, and they have been found as high as 7,000 feet, while skins of the snow leopard, wolf, bear, silver fox, mountain sheep, &c., are among the bazaar offerings at Darjeeling. By-and-bye we come on great

#### EXPANSES OF TEA

on the mountain slopes, some of the fields being very steep, but others on plateaux or in valleys. Mahaldiram tea garden at 6,500 feet is said to be the highest in the district. Here we seem to be in Matale East; there, looking along the Kelebokka Valley; or again we fancy a resemblance to Haputale or Hewaheta, or we might have a section of Dimbula, Dikoya or Udapussellawa. Many fields look bare and as if the soil was shallow; but on

others there is a splendid growth. Half-way on our upward journey, we cross the "Pagla Jhora" or "Mad Turent." In July, 1890, the rainfall here reached 14 inches in 6 hours (!) and 800 feet of road and railway were carried away! The wonder is that there should not be constant slips and wash-aways on features so exposed and precipitous. At Kurseong, where there is quite a town, we are 5,000 feet up and another splendid view of the plains is got, the smoke of steamers on the Ganges, 150 miles off, being sometimes seen. The tea gardens in these higher regions we note are kept clean and well-cultivated: and this appears to be true of those farther on, all round and beyond Darjeeling. Leaving Kurseong for Toong, we remark a graceful tree fern (*Hemitelia decipiens*) but not nearly so attractive as our own *Alsophila crinita* alongside the Longden Road or in and around Newara Eliya, and especially at Hakgala. We are now quite in the Hills, and villages and bazaars often line the road, and there is immense interest in watching the different types of

#### THE HARDY HILLMEN—

Lepchas, Bhooteas, Thibetans, and Nepaulese—with their often rosy-faced children, as comical in appearance, in their laughing good humour and antics, as are Japanese bairns. After Ghoom we begin to descend carefully (the incline is 1 in 23!) through a big cutting, sometimes blocked with snow, and then our train sweeps round and we face the lofty range of Kinchinjinga or Kunchungunga, alas, covered with clouds for this afternoon. Next, our train comes on a long hillside studded closely with bungalows of rather villas of all degrees, and these stretch for two or three miles

around this detached hill-range, which is 30 to 100 miles distant from the highest of the mountains, while the town itself runs from 7,500 to, we suppose 6,300 feet down the valley. There is, however, plateau enough to afford a convenient site for the railway station and bazaars, and very soon we are established in the most comfortable hotel yet experienced in India—"the Woodlands"—the Agent of the proprietress, an active, beaming, young, rosy-faced "Scot," as we took him to be, meeting the train. On leaving three days after, in the presence of some German and American all-round the-world travellers, we happened to ask him—"What is your part of the old country?"—"Milan" came the answer. "What, your Scotch parents lived there?" "No, I'm an Italian, Sir; but (with a laugh) I learned my Scotch in Peebles (!) and when I came here two years ago, some of the visitors could scarcely understand my brogue." And true enough, this well-equipped hotel manager, with a Scots' tongue, was "Mr. J. Righi," born in Milan!

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### DARJEELING versus NUWARA ELIYA.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS; SNOWY PEAKS AND RANGES.

DARJEELING, Dec. 6th.

Our first afternoon's walk through Darjeeling town, made us feel its great superiority in many respects to our own Sanatarium. Pucka English villas; handsome two-storeyed stone residences with terraces and towers; electric lighting, first-class roads, pavements and walls, fences or iron railings, good drainage and an abundant water supply; extensive schools, several churches, numerous and varied European and Parsee shops including the

inevitable "Whiteaway, Laidlaw"; barracks, botanic gardens, bandstand; bazaars full of interest because of the variety of hill-folk and the curious wares in jewellery, charms, weapons, etc., etc., offered for sale:—all indicated a much larger and more important station than Nuwara Eliya with a considerable resident population (about 8,000). But as we looked on the several ridges and all the steep slopes on which Calcutta's hill station is mainly built, and thought of disastrous landslips and earthquakes in the past, property both in houses and gardens seemed to us more stable, and therefore preferable, on our own island plateau of Nuwara Eliya. Darjeeling is the residence (for at least four months each year) of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, and the "Eden Sanatorium or Convalescent Hospital" are among the more conspicuous buildings.

But the great charm and attraction of Darjeeling apart from the climate (which we found to be delightful with a more bracing air than Nuwara Eliya, though not too cold) are

#### "THE SNOWS."

We began to look for them on the way up as we lost the far-extending vista of the plains and heard the familiar sounds of cataracts and waterfalls; but although the Kinchinjinga (or Kunchungunga) range lay before us, it was enveloped in clouds on the afternoon of our arrival and we had to wait for sunrise, to witness one of the grandest sights permitted to mortal eyes,—the rosy flush of the early morning laid along the everlasting snows covering the highest mountains in the world. The line of perpetual snow must be 17,000 feet above Darjeeling and then it runs up four to five thousand

feet more to summit level. For Kinchinjinga is rather a gigantic wall of snowy mountain than a particular peak,—a wall serrated and broken up by enormous masses of bare rock which offer grand effects in shade to the glittering snows which seem so near and yet are in reality so much above and beyond our standpoint. Considering that clouds often veil the higher points for days together even at this season of the year, we were particularly fortunate in having a clear morning following our arrival and still more in a delightfully clear cloudless sky on the second day of our visit. Climbing 1,000 feet up beyond the Cantonment to Jelapahur, we got a peep at the crest of Everest, a long way (80 miles) behind the Kinchinjinga range. But our greatest treat was in watching, in the early morning following, the first tints on the snows of the nearer range deepen and spread, until all became a golden yellow and rosy red as contrasted with a pale blue sky. Never can we forget the scene; and in the presence of such mountains and snows and glorious colouring, one thought it was good to be there; for, as Mrs. Browning puts it,—

Hills draw like heaven,  
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands  
To pull you from the vile flats up to them!

On another occasion we had a grand sunset view from "Observatory Hill," 7,168 feet high, where fully 24 peaks, ranging from 10,000 to 29,000 feet in altitude, can be counted. Verily a series of giants lighted up and decorated as no other mountains in the world are. People ought to be good, and elevated in their thoughts, who live at Darjeeling facing so glorious a panorama!

DARJEELING, Dec. 6th.

The Darjeeling district with its outturn of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 million lb. of tea is not a very important factor; but its teas are of the finest and it possesses an interest beyond its statistical position. Travelling up and down so slowly, we seemed to make an inspection of several Gardens; while others in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sanatorium came under our notice. Some of the fields are very steep indeed, and the tea appeared to be far from vigorous, the soil washed out; but in many valleys and on rich plateaux, the growth was most luxuriant. The rainfall is about 125 inches a year; but nearly all falls from June to September. The tea crop had ended with November, and plucking would not begin again before the end of March,—making the planter's life a comparatively easy one,—as gentlemanly an occupation, in fact, as “coffee-planting” was in days of old in Ceylon! In this connection, it is of interest to state that on one low-lying estate, coffee is grown at least sufficient for local requirements; but whether this meant for all Darjeeling, or only for a section of it, we cannot be sure. At the Great Eastern, Calcutta, we have seen letters waiting for our old friend, Mr. G. W. Christison, a pioneer of Darjeeling, whose interesting lecture on Tea, with special reference to his own district, we attended at the Society of Arts some years ago, Sir R. Temple being in the Chair, Sir Charles Elliot and other authorities taking part, while we put in a word on that occasion for Ceylon.

Nothing of consequence occurred on the return journey to Calcutta save that, through the uptrain being late, we were overtaken by darkness before

we cleared the steep tortuous descent, and an oil torch of curiously primitive type was improvised on the top of the engine to enable the driver to see along the road. The sooner the Directors go in for American lamps in front of their trains, after the fashion adopted in Ceylon, the better.

We were much interested in getting from Mr. Grant Gordon, some particulars of the

#### ORPHAN AND EURASIAN CHILDREN'S SETTLEMENT

which, at his suggestion, has been formed at Kalimpong hill station and which is carried on under the enthusiastic management of the Scottish clergyman, or Missionary at that place. The Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, Sir John Woodburn, made a free grant of 120 acres of land; all the rest has been done by voluntary subscription, some R21,000 being raised the first year. There are now some 60 to 70 orphans or destitute children, chiefly Eurasian, from all parts of India, (only five come from planting districts)—comfortably housed, well but plainly fed and clothed, taught and trained to do for themselves. The great feature of this Home is that

NO NATIVE, SERVANT OR OTHERWISE, IS ADMITTED.

This is to secure an uncontaminated bringing-up morally, and physically, and to teach the lads to do everything for themselves both in house and out-door work, as a preparation for emigration to an Australian Colony, South Africa, or even Canada. The idea is that the institution can be affiliated to Dr. Barnardo's well-known Orphan Homes, and that batches of the Kalimpong lads can go with the Doctor's. Artisans have been got out from Scotland—good Christian men—to

train the boys as mechanics, and garden and field cultivation and stock pasturage will be only carried on, so as to help in feeding the establishment. At first, in order to get the work done, some lads of 10 to 14 had to be taken; but the idea is later to restrict entrance to children under 4 and 5 years in order to get them fully under the influence of the new training.

### BACK IN CALCUTTA.

#### INSPECTION OF JUTE AND PAPER MILLS; VISIT TO SERAMPORE.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 9th.

Back in Calcutta, we were enabled through the kindness of Mr. MacGowan (formerly of Messrs. Darley, Butler & Co., Colombo, now managing partner for Messrs. F. W. Heilgers & Co., of London and Calcutta), to inspect the extensive Paper and Jute Mills connected with his firm. These are pleasantly situated on the banks of river at Barrackpore, not far off the Cantonment where the first signs of *the* Mutiny took place, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the riverside residence of the Viceroy. The Hooghly is a splendidly broad, full river at this point and mansions on the banks are delightfully placed in park-like surroundings.\* The Kerrison Jute Mills are on a very

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\* We could picture Bishop Heber taking his evening walk by the Hooghly under umbrageous trees and along grassy slopes when he wrote :—

“So rich a shade, so green a sod,  
Our English fairies never trod:  
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,  
But thought on England’s ‘good greenwood’;  
And blessed beneath the palmy shade;  
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;  
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)  
To gaze upon her oaks again.”



extensive scale and most interesting it was to go through the various departments and note the thousands of busy men, women and lads, and follow the raw fibre until it was evolved as Jute Hessian or made up in packages of gunnybags for wheat farmers in Australia or America. The large stocks of raw material stored in separate buildings took us by surprise.

Still more interesting to us was the inspection of the

#### TITYGHUR PAPER MILLS

—one of the largest and most prosperous in India, and which we found under the skilful management of an experienced Aberdonian (Mr. Booth) who, besides having had relatives in Ceylon in “coffee” days, was well-acquainted with many of our pioneers. His account of the various operations—new as well as old modes of manufacture—was very instructive, and we saw paper being turned out for a great variety of purposes and destinations. After breakfast, Mr. MacGowan had to return to town; but getting a boat and guide from Mr. Booth, we crossed the river to

#### SERAMPORE,

where, under the guidance of the Rev. E. Summers, we went over the classic buildings erected by Wm. Carey and his co-adjutors, the college and classrooms, the Library full of interesting mementos, and Carey’s residence with the room in which he died. Perhaps, the most interesting items to us was the first year’s file of the *Friend of India* with the very first number of the paper, leading off with the circular appeal signed “John Clark Marshman, C. Mack, John Leechman.” Mr. Summers

pointed out the supposed portrait of the notorious "Madame Grand" afterwards wife of Talleyrand; but said he had lately satisfied himself that it was in reality a portrait of the then Queen Denmark, who with the King was a great friend of the missionaries.

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CALCUTTA, Dec. 10th.

The closing part of our stay in Calcutta was a good deal taken up with calls and inspection in connection with Mission and Y.M.C.A. work. But we had also a very instructive and profitable visit to the veteran scientist

DR. GEO. WATT, AND MR. MANN AT THE MUSEUM,

more especially in connection with the Economic section. Dr. Watt has done a splendid and lasting work for the benefit of India here; but we are not going into particulars for the present, save to say that he has nearly filled up a section illustrating all the Exports and local Manufacturing industries; and is bent on having a similar display, easy of reference for Imports, so as to show in the readiest way possible what India gets from abroad,—the first step towards judging how far local attempts can be safely made to supersede such imports. The system Dr. Watt has adopted with reference to all cultivated products, in providing samples, and information, is specially complete. It includes a cabinet carefully arranged with the known diseases of plants, the same being shown in different stages with all available information in a form suited for ready reference and specially easy for the insertion of additions or corrections. Mr. Willis, in passing through Calcutta, on his return, will doubtless take a note for the

benefit of the Peradeniya Staff.—Our remarks on a great deal more that we saw and learned through the courteous attention of Dr. Watt, must be deferred for the present.

### The Calcutta

Y. M. C. A.

--thanks to the strong personality and indefatigable energy of its Secretary, Mr. Campbell White, and a capable staff, and the very generous support of influential citizens in Calcutta, United Kingdom, and America,—is a very influential body. We opened our eyes wide at the work already done, in the two divisions. One building on the Esplanade is chiefly for European young men; but especially were we pleasingly surprised with the College Street Branch where Mr. and Mrs. Barber (able secretariat co-adjutors) are in residence. We took note of the grand Hall, Class-rooms, Library, fine Reading-room for the public, Hostels, etc. This is in the very heart of the students' region, University and College buildings being close at hand, and the importance of the work must grow year by year. But it is the astonishing block of buildings now in course of erection on a very prominent site facing the Maidan that gives one a full idea of the expansion of the Y.M.C.A. in the "City of Palaces." The memo. we made of measurements has got mislaid; but suffice it to say that the structure in height will overlook any in the neighbourhood; that its Hall for Public Meetings, Class-rooms, Library, Reading-room, Gymnastic Hall, and Swimming Tank will be unequalled in the East, and that provision will be made to lodge and board a number of young men at a rate certain to attract and yet to bring in a steady

income. The income will, however, benefit still more by the offices to be let on the ground-floor. [Rents in Calcutta are far beyond anything ever heard of in Ceylon, but terms of board are not much in excess, doubtless due to food supplies being cheaper.] The building will be a very stately and attractive one; the rooms delightfully airy; and the balcony or terrace over the front pavement should be a particularly charming place of resort with its grand outlook over the Maidan and along fashionable parades. The total cost of this grand building including site, is likely to be three lakhs of rupees, of which R171,000 have already been provided, if we remember rightly, and the gradual liquidation of the balance from the anticipated income (leaving out of view further donations) is assured. The new structure is likely to be opened in September next.

Another instructive and pleasant experience was found in attending the Monthly Meeting of the Calcutta Missionary Conference and seeing a number of old friends and making many new ones whose names were familiar; listening to earnest addresses from the Rev. W. R. James (Baptist); Dr. Robinson (Methodist Episcopal, Editor of the *Indian Witness*, whose 25 years of work in different parts of India and Burma have specially prepared him for his present important post); Mr. Banerjee (the well-known eloquent Christian Hindu); the Chairman (a Churchman), and other Ministers and Missionaries of different denominations. The object was to prepare for a great Evangelical Campaign in Calcutta, during the month of February next, to reach many thousands who are believed never to have been touched by the Gospel Message.

Time would fail us to tell of the typical Mission Schools and other institutions—for Girls, Orphans, Famine, and Industrial—that came under our interested and gratified notice.

We were sorry to leave Calcutta, with its delightful “winter” climate—each day improving on the last—its many attractions and interests. The number of squares and gardens and tanks throughout the city had latterly astonished us. Parks and Gardens—Zoological, Botanical, City, and “Musical” (if Band resorts\* can be so named)—abound; and altogether there is much to impress the visitor who also cannot fail to realise the enormous amount of business which circles round the Exchange, the big mercantile offices and the banks—to an extent quite beyond our maximum in the Metropolis of Ceylon.

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### THROUGH THE PROVINCE OF ORISSA.

Starting from Howrah station on the morning of December 10th by the regular mail-train, we first travel on the Bengal-Nagpur line, and afterwards on the new East Coast Railway which connects with the Madras Railway and has lately given direct communication between the capitals of the two Presidencies—so that we can now speak of the Great Eastern Indian Railway. We traverse the Bengal districts of Howrah and Midnapur and

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\* One evening the splendid Band of the Royal Irish Rifles discoursed delightful music in the Eden Gardens—the hour was 6 to 7 p.m.—the raised bandstand and surrounding grassy promenade as well as gravel walks being lighted up by electric arc lamps, while “all Calcutta” were in carriages, on the seats, or promenading.

cross a couple of large rivers with names new to us—the Rupnarain and Subarnarekha—before we enter the

#### PROVINCE OF ORISSA

by way of Balasore, the capital of the Northernmost of the three districts (Balasore, Cuttack, and Puri) into which the province is divided. We very soon see that we are in a fertile land,—a country of rivers, irrigation channels, and much alluvial soil. And yet Orissa suffered from a great famine so recently as 1866 when nearly a million of people perished. We well recall the sad accounts which reached us in that year,—a year of financial trouble and depression throughout the Empire; for it included, if we remember rightly “Black Friday” when the failure of Overend Gurney & Co. for some millions sterling convulsed the London Stock Exchange and Money Market generally. The famine in Orissa, however, brought great benefits in its train to the Province; for it roused the Government to complete the

#### GRAND SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION

consisting of four canals which, with their subordinate distributing channels, have proved among the most important and successful works of the kind in India and should prevent a recurrence of famine on anything like the scale experienced in 1866. Here is one great triumph of engineering skill for the benefit of the people within the British rule; and it has been repeated farther South by Sir Arthur Cotton with even more marked success. But there is no such facility in the districts recently afflicted, for reproducing irrigation on the scale that the rivers Mahanuddy and Cauvery and the rivers of the Punjab have enabled Engineers to

effect; and we had it in the course of our travels from the highest authority that the responsible professional advisers of the Viceroy's Council have for years been trying (too often in vain) to discover where fresh projects of irrigation can be applied with any reasonable prospect of success. So much in answer to the clamour too often ignorantly raised in England that the Indian authorities are neglecting Irrigation, notwithstanding all the warnings given by successive famines. The fact is that there are certain parts of India which can never be relieved of their dependence on rains; for even the multiplied and deepened wells run dry, and there are no means of getting a supply from rivers or of forming tanks of conservation.

But to return to Orissa, we felt that we were traversing a well-watered, fertile and prosperous land in which the people were nearly as well off as in the South West division of Ceylon; and this reminds us that in ancient times, there was a close connection between

#### ORISSA AND LANKA

to which we may as well refer before we go further. The recognised history of our island and of Orissa begin about the same time. Aryans from the North conquered the aboriginal inhabitants here—just as Wijayo and his followers (who may have started from a port in Orissa!) subjugated the aborigines of Ceylon. The result in Orissa was the Kingdom called Kalinga which speedily came under the influence of Buddhism which continued to flourish here as the prevailing religion until the fifth century A.D. Rock-cut caves, and the edicts of Asoka preaching the doctrines of Buddha on rocks and pillars, continue to this day,

to show how Buddhism flourished for 800 years—300 B.C. to 500 A.D. Many temples were erected in this period which have since disappeared; but the most famous was

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH

—“the Sacred Tooth of Buddha”—which was erected at Puri [now “the City of Cities” for Hindus, the abode of Jagannath, Lord of the World, the holy place to visit (and die at) which is the highest aspiration of countless millions of devout Hindus] and then continued to be worshipped until after various vicissitudes, this tooth was sent by the King at a time of trouble in war, to Ceylon about 390 A.D. in charge of a Princess of Kalinga who concealed it in the folds of her hair, and now the tooth (or some other tooth or bit of ivory) is worshipped in the Dalada Maligawa at Kandy! The change from Buddhism to Hinduism in Orissa was gradual. The Brahmans persuaded the people that he who was called Buddha was no other than Vishnu, and that kindness to all living animals was one of his commands. It was not till 1198 A.D., however, that the great temple of Jagannath was completed. But the strange fact is to learn (as we do from the interesting little Guide to Orissa by Mr. W. B. Brown, Judge of Cuttack) that the worship of Jagannath (associated in European minds with horrid cruelties and fanatical self-murder) is in reality

#### A SURVIVAL OF BUDDHISM,

greatly degraded and corrupted. The religion of Jagannath preaches the equality of men before God and has become the most popular in India. In the “holy city of Puri” all caste restrictions are set aside; Brahman and Sudra eat and live



together; the food offered before the idol is available to all—indeed the pilgrims may eat nothing else while in the town—and a Brahman may accept it even from the hands of a Muhammadan! This is certainly a triumph for Buddha and his great anticaste crusade.

Again the

#### CAR FESTIVAL

itself is said to be undoubtedly Buddhist in its origin; car processions of images are common in Buddhist ceremonies as we know in Ceylon, and one such procession in Puri is held on the anniversary of Buddha's birthday. Only flowers and food may be offered to the "god" and the shedding of blood within the temple would render the whole place impure—showing how the principles of Buddhism are observed. Outside, accidents, or fanaticism, may account for deaths under the wheels of the car, when 100,000 pilgrims swell the crowd from the town; but there is nothing of that kind now, we are told.

Still stranger is it to learn that the very image of Jaganath is modelled on a symbol of

#### THE BUDDHIST TRINITY :

(1) a wheel as the emblem of Gautama Buddha; (2) a monogram indicating Dharma, material or revealed nature; (3) the union of these two indicating the mystic union of spirit and matter and we have the monogram of Dharma standing on the wheel of Buddha which converted into a rude image, becomes a great block of solid wood, 6 feet high, shaped like a nine-pin with two arms from the head instead of the body, and although this image is made afresh every 30 to 40 years it never varies, while still more it is believed a Buddhist

relic is always transferred from the interior of the old covenant image to the new one!

Where Buddhism is to a great extent departed from, is in the highly anthropomorphic character of the worship; Jagannath is treated as a living "god"—put to sleep, wakened, dressed, bathed, fed, goes for an airing in his car, takes a swing, has an annual attack of fever and all this highly delights the poor ignorant worshippers and renders their attachment stronger to what they consider as Vishnu's—the preserver's—principal manifestation.

Before leaving the religion of Orissa, I may refer to four principal tanks of Puri, the very oldest being the dirtiest and holiest! Also to the "Swarga Duar" or "Gate of Heaven," where pilgrims bathe in the sea and are only too happy to die; and when a number of ascetics stretch themselves on beds of sharp nails and play off other ridiculous tricks before pilgrims for a few pice!

Inland at Kahandagiri, the

#### BUDDHIST REMAINS

pillars, doorways and rails such as are seen at Anuradhapura—are of great interest, some of the caves are very extensive and the sculptures fine. It is remarked that no figure of Buddha is seen at Kahandagiri and when people are shown to be worshipping it is either the sun, or a bo-tree with a railing round it. This must have been an early stage of Buddhism.

A connection between Buddhism and Hinduism is found in a Jain Temple built on the top of Khandagiri Hill; but this is a comparatively modern building.

At Khandagiri, as James Fergusson says,—

#### INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

is seen in its very infancy : while at Bhubaneshar it has attained maturity in strength and beauty in the great style peculiar to the Aryans of the North as contrasted with the Dravidian architecture of the South—seen at Trichinopoly, Madura, Ramesvaram, &c. Among Northern Schools, that of Orissa is the greatest and here are the finest specimens of the art in the best preservation. After the chaste as well as magnificent work of the Moguls at Delhi and Agra, we must confess that the best of Hindu architecture fails to attract in anything like the same degree ; but it is interesting to note that while the Hindu-Dravidian Temples and palaces of Southern India are large and rich in carving and ornamentation, there is a want of proportion as well as of delicacy of outline : a gateway is often larger than the building to which it affords entrance and in a great hall nothing can be seen but the pillars. An Orissan temple, on the other hand, has been compared to a Greek temple or Gothic cathedral on account of its artistic and harmonious construction ; although one great feature is that neither “arches” nor pillars are used. The Hindu or horizontal “arch”—really no arch at all—consists in making each horizontal layer of stones (say in a bridge) project a little farther out on the pier than the one below it, until one stone can be laid across the space between the two top pieces. In roofs this principle leads to domes or cones, circular or pyramidal. In the great temple at Bhubaneshar, the sanctuary tower rises 165 feet from the ground, the high roof finally converging in a graceful curve, crowned by a spire ; while the

lower part is richly carved and contains many statued niches.

But enough of Architecture and Religion. In

#### LANGUAGE AND THE CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLES

we find some occasion to connect Orissa and Ceylon. Spence Hardy has remarked that the case of the Sinhalese people (numbering less than a million when the British first numbered them—now over 2½ millions) preserving for 2,000 years, their language, religion, and many social habits in a small corner of Asia against the influence and invasions of many millions of Tamils in Southern India and North and East Ceylon, is without a parallel in the history of the world. And in the same way we are told of Orissa and its “Ooriya” speaking people (9 millions speak this language Ooriya or Uriya in India, about five of whom are in the Orissa province) that in their own quiet corner of the Continent, cut off by hills and rivers from Central and Gangetic India, their language, religion and habits were much less interfered with by successive invasions than was the case in Hindustan proper. Still Mahrattas and Muhammedans did find their way to Orissa and in the case of the town of Jajpur, nearly all the Hindu temples were levelled by one Muhammedan General who was such an iconoclast that it was said :—“at the sound of his kettledrums the noses and ears of the Hindu gods dropped off!” But this was an exception and “Ooriya” is supposed to be a purer language in its relation to Sanscrit, than any other in India; while as we have shown, the people cherish in their religion several of Buddha’s precepts and practices. We thought we saw a wonderful resemblance between the characters of Ooriya and

Sinhalese, the same rounded flowing style; but we do not suppose our friend Mr. Pike of Cuttack—a veteran Baptist Missionary well up in the language—will discover that the resemblance goes much further, through the little Sinhalese lesson-book we have ventured to send him.

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“Orissa is one of the most interesting provinces of India, and in geographical situation it lies close to the modern capital, yet the difficulties of communication have hitherto been so great that practically it was easier to get from Calcutta to Peshawar than from Calcutta to Cuttack or Puri.” So writes a recent authority, and we learned from the Missionaries—the English Baptists have an old and very successful Mission in Orissa—that it used to take them sometimes 20 days to reach Calcutta from Cuttack, going to False Point to catch a steamer for the Hooghly; while now, by railway, we made the journey within 12 hours! The through railway from Calcutta *via* Orissa to Madras is bound, year by year, to bring more and more of visitors, exploiters, and settlers either as planters or miners, or, perhaps, capitalists to establish factories and utilise the cheap and docile labour. Even from what we saw and learned during a very brief and casual visit, we could see that there are resources and capabilities in the province which might well attract Europeans, and that this fertile corner of India with its background of hilly ranges (some are called “Nilgiris” or blue mountains, though far less in height than the so-called range-proper) and grand display of water-power must ere long be exploited and developed in many directions under European guidance. Young men of the right stamp, not afraid of pioneering

work, and with some capital to back their efforts, might do worse than try their fortune in one or other of the healthier districts of Orissa. Such, at least, has been the impression left on our mind. But let us follow the railway and take note of the different stations as far as we come across them.

Our first station in Orissa was

#### BALASORE,

a town of 20,000 people, situated on the Bura Balang or "Old Twister" river, so called from its tortuous course. Murray tells us that the place was once of great commercial importance; for here one of the very earliest English factories was established in 1633 and the trade became so important that the Dutch and Danes also made settlements, while the French are said to own 100 acres to this day and here the swinging (Churuch Puja) long ago stopped throughout British India, is still annually celebrated. After passing several minor stations, we come to

#### JAJPUR ROAD,

the station for the historical town of Jajpur ("the city of sacrifice") which, however, is 12 miles off, situated on the Baitarani, a very sacred river, supposed, like the Styx, to flow through Hades as well as in the upper world. Pilgrims get out of the railway and cross the river on foot, after which they are expected to present a cow to a Brahmin: cows are kept handy and are sold to pilgrims over and over again! But the sanctity of the place has much diminished of late years.—We now pass on to

#### CUTTACK

the official headquarters and capital of the province which we reached about 6 p.m., spending the night

and all next day with hospitable friends who have been long resident here and know the district thoroughly. The station bore out the description given to us in Calcutta by a member of the 'Executive, namely that it was one of the neatest and most pleasant stations in India. The cantonments and European quarters are, as usual, away from the native town. The total population is between 50,000 and 60,000. Situated at the apex of the delta of the Mahanudi river—which rising in the Central Provinces has a course of 529 miles and issues through a narrow gorge 7 miles west of the town,—Cuttack has this great river on the North and East, while its Western side is encircled by a branch stream called the Katjuri. Great floods pour down in the rainy season, and were it not for embankments and stone revetments, Cuttack would be swept away. No wonder, therefore, though all this splendid waterway suggested Irrigation canals, and accordingly near Cuttack are important weirs—one being 1,980 feet long and 9 feet high, and another 6,400 feet long and 12½ feet high, costing 13 lakhs—for regulating the water supply into no fewer than four grand canals constituting the Orissa Irrigation system. Then again, the Railway had to bridge much waterway in getting to Cuttack—4 bridges in 10 miles, the highest over the Mahanudi being a girder bridge with 64 spans of 100 feet each and is about 1½rd mile long. This is crossed just before reaching Cuttack railway station. There is not much of interest in the native town; but the Fort, cantonments, park, and surroundings are exceptionally fine. We were struck with the height of some coconut palms seen during a morning walk and apparently with good heads of nuts, and the result of our enquiries went to show that there

should be a good opening for

#### COCONUT PLANTATIONS

in some of the coast districts of Orissa. Any experiments hitherto made have been limited to gardens of not more than a few acres we believe. With the proximity of so good a market as Calcutta affords, this is an industry well deserving the attention of a capitalist and practical planters. The largeness of the trees around Cuttack shows that the soil must be good; and we noted plantain as well as other fruit gardens. As regards handicrafts, Cuttack used to be famous for its

#### FILIGREE WORK

in gold and silver and a visit to a show-room established by Mr. M. S. Das (who is doing his best to maintain and revive this indigenous art) enabled us to see the kind of work done, and to secure a few specimens. The Fort, with its double line of walls and huge citadel, must have presented an imposing appearance when complete and fully occupied, say by the Mahrattas or Muhammadans; but the walls, &c., are now in ruins, although during the Mutiny, it was got ready as a place of refuge to meet eventualities. Fortunately, a mutinous Bengal native regiment had been replaced by Madras Infantry shortly before disturbances commenced. It is interesting to know that 270 years ago, three of the East India Company's servants came in a country vessel from Masulipatam to the Cuttack coast and on reaching the town in a boat were courteously received by the Mogul Viceroy in the Fort and given leave to trade and form a settlement in Balasore. This was in 1633 and before Calcutta was heard of or any Englishman had reached Bengal.



We found an Anglican Church and a Roman Catholic Chapel and Orphanage at Cuttack; but the Orissa Baptist Mission which has its headquarters here is by far the most important Christian Agency in the district and its splendid work through its Press and schools as well as in its evangelising operations has borne much fruit in a large number of adherents as well as in devoted native workers. We were among old friends with the Messrs. Pike and Bailey and were glad to meet the Messrs. Young and the ladies connected with the mission in Cuttack. It was very interesting to go over several schools and to note the various exercises and industries, as well as lessons, taught to the pupils. Ooriya is, of course, the language of the press as well as of the schools and preachers, and much good work in translations as well as original composition has been done by the Missionaries. We found a large new Mission building going up, in addition to the group already occupied, in place of a house condemned for age and untrustworthiness; and we were interested to learn that bricks cost R4½ per 1,000 with R1½ carriage—against R12 to R13 per 1,000 in Colombo and R20 per 1,000 of bricks in Nuwara Eliya—due to greater dearness of labour, we suppose. (Afterwards in Madras we got some details of the cost of material for a Mission School house:—First and second-class bricks R4 per 1,000; third-class R3; cartage per 1,000 R1½—12 “paras” chunam R3½; carriage half-rupee; cartload of sand 10 annas (65 cents): timber per cubic foot R2¾. That the “Schoolmaster is abroad” among the natives of Cuttack as in other towns in India, and that some curious developments are the result may be judged from the following circular, in English, which came into our hands on

the day of issue and which we reprint here *verbatim et literatim* :—

# NOTICE.

## A DEBATE for

Both theoretically and practically *proving* and *establishing* an *obscure* but *marvellous* Power or Means to success, *greater* than, and *superior* to, Money, “The *almighty* Rupee”! and reason too? or, in other words, a \* what is *greater* and *better* than Money &c. for men and their households to live in *this world* more safely & more happily! (not to mention about the *first*

Approaching New Life)!

in  
The Hall of the Cuttack Printing Company Ltd.,  
on  
Wednesday the 11th December, 1901, at 6 p.m.,  
by

A Traveller in quest of the secrets of nature  
for about 36 years (past)!

All are cordially invited,

\* On the authority of Sir Walter Scott and other geniuses of literary improvements.

Letchuman Singh Dheo,  
Esoteric Preceptor &c.

There is much attractive country (at any rate in the coolest season) and we were frequently reminded of Heber's well-known lines on “A Walk in Bengal,” from which we have already quoted a few lines:—

## AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Come walk with me the jungle through ;  
If yonder hunter told us true,  
Far off, in desert dank and rude,  
The tyger holds his solitude ;  
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun  
The thunders of the English gun,)  
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,  
Returns to scare the village green.  
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake  
Can shelter in so cool a brake.  
Child of the sun ! he loves to lie  
Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,  
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,  
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;

Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,  
 Fit warder in the gate of Death !  
 Come on ! Yet pause ! behold us now  
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,  
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,  
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,\*  
 And winds our path through many a bower  
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;  
 The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd  
 O'er the broad plaintain's humbler shade }  
 And dusk anana's prickly blade ;  
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,  
 The betel waves his crest in air.  
 With pendant train and rushing wings,  
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;  
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,  
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.  
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,  
 Our English fairies never trod !  
 Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,  
 But thought on England's " good green wood ? "  
 And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,  
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,  
 And breath'd a pray'r, (how oft in vain !)  
 To gaze upon her oaks again ?  
 A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry  
 Resounds like sylvan revelry ;  
 And through the trees, yon failing ray  
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.  
 Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,  
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.  
 Before, beside us, and above,  
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,  
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,  
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;  
 While to this cooler air confest,  
 The broad Dhatūra bares her breast,  
 Of fragrant scent and virgin white,  
 A pearl around the locks of night !  
 Still as we passed in softened hum,  
 Along the breezy alleys come }  
 The village song, the horn, the drum.  
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar,  
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;  
 And, what is she whose liquid strain  
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?  
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !  
 It is—it must be—Philomel !

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\* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

## CUTTACK TO MADRAS.

Leaving Cuttack by evening train, we had the companionship of a Banker with wide experience of business in the East and of Engineers connected with the East Coast Railway who were able to give us interesting particulars of this latest main line of communication and especially of the great bridges which had to be constructed. We passed in the night Ganjam on the coast whence, in years gone by, Ceylon used to get a certain supply of rice and where the late Wm. Smith, pioneer of Dimbula, made an experiment in engaging cooly labourers which did very well while a time of scarcity lasted in Ceylon. The early morning brings us into some attractive scenery around

## VIZIANAGRAM \*

which is the seat of a wealthy as well as enterprising Maharajah whose extensive palace buildings occupy the Fort, while a large tank affords a capital water supply. King Edward's visit as Prince of Wales in 1875 was commemorated by the erection of a Public Market in this town. We are now in what is called the "Jeypoor Agency," apt to be confounded with the "Jeypore" of Rajputana. At the junction station of Waltair—where we are near to both the ports of Bimblipatam and Vizagapatam on the coast—we pass on to the Madras

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\* It was a Dewan of this State who, when some English sportsmen complained of want of game, exclaimed to his subordinate:—"How Amildar! No tigers for gentlemen! What administration is this!"—Tigers are often too evident: Governor Grant-Duff mentions one man-eater which stopped all traffic on Kalingia Ghaut in his time and had eaten most of the live-stock of a village as well as 5 or 6 men.—It may have been, too, from a railway station in this neighbourhood, that the celebrated telegram went to headquarters, Madras:—"Tigerumping about the platform; everyone hiding; please arrange!"

Railway Company's line, but do not admire the arrangement by which, to save a heavy piece of work, the train has to double back on the direct route at a loss of time as well as extra trouble to the staff. Red laterite or cabook is a feature of the country here, cropping out of numerous eminences and detached hills. After passing Tuni, we come to Samalkot, the junction for Coconada, the principal port after Madras on the Coromandel coast; and soon after Rajahmundry, we cross the

#### GODAVERY RIVER

by a splendid railway bridge of 56 spans of 150 feet each. The mountain gorge, 20 to 30 miles above this point, through which the river debouches, is described as a very beautiful bit of scenery: "a succession of Highland Lochs in an Eastern setting"; while below the town are the headworks of the grand Irrigation system with which Sir Arthur Cotton's name will always be identified,—his anicut or dam extending for 4 miles (of masonry) from bank to bank. We have now left Orissa and the Ooriya-speaking people well behind and are in the Telugu country which extends Southwards beyond Nellore to the neighbourhood of Madras. It is the scene of successful Agencies of the London Missionary Society and of the American Baptists. Hereabout, we were joined by a Contracting Engineer on his way to public works under his care some distance in the interior to the South-East. He turned out to be an

#### EX-CEYLON COFFEE PLANTER

full of reminiscences of Hewaheta and Kelebokka in the "seventies" and "eighties" and who had had to clear out when coffee failed. His new profession in connection with a large contracting firm on the coast, satisfied him, and his duties

took him over a considerable area of country: he had frequently come across hill ranges suited for coffee plantations, but saw no encouragement to invest in that direction. Both labour and material (good bricks for R3 per thousand) were exceedingly cheap in the Eastern districts between Madras and Calcutta. We have next to refer to Ellore station where we find the Godavery and Kistna canal systems join; for, at the next stoppage, Bezwada, we are on the

#### KISTNA RIVER

and note the handsome "Wenlock" bridge with its 12 spans of 300 feet girders: the original breadth of the river here was 5,000 feet or nearly a mile; but it has been trained down for bridging purposes to 3,736 feet. The cost was close on 4 millions of rupees and 27 months were occupied in construction. After a course of 800 miles, the Kistna empties itself into the Bay of Bengal near Masulipatam.\* At Bezwada, the Nizam's State Railway leading to Hyderabad, the Southern Mahratta line running across country to Goa, and the Madras Railway—all meet, so that it is a busy as well as attractively situated junction station. It was with special regret that we had to decide not to stop off at Ongole, the Northern station of American Baptists, but more especially at Nellore where we were under a special promise to our friend, Dr. Downie; but both were passed in the night and soon after 4 a.m. we found a halt called at Gudur junction, with an intimation that breaches caused by the cyclonic flood prevented our travelling further by

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\* Here in November, 1864, some 30,000 people were swept away by a storm and Governor Grant-Duff when he visited the place instinctively looked up "Jean Ingelow's" poem on "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" or the "Brides of Enderby."

the direct line to Madras and so at 6 o'clock we started on a South India metre-gauge train for

#### RENIGUNTA,

50 miles inland to the South-East, stopping at a number of small stations in interesting as well as hilly country as we rose some 400 feet above sea level. Among these were Venkatagiri; Kalahasti (at the end of the "holy" Nagari hills—so "holy" that that no stone or gravel must be taken from them!); Yerpedu with a temple-stream believed to flow from Benares(!); and finally Renigunta where once again we changed into the Madras broad line and ran due South to Arkonam junction; there another change into a local Madras line was necessitated, the result being our arrival in the Presidency capital 12 hours behind time, but with the advantage of seeing a great deal more of the country. For the last 28 miles we had the company of a Wesleyan Missionary who had twenty years of work among the Tamils in the Trivalur district, and who was able to report a great change, and a very considerable advance of Christianity, within his experience. In company with a relative out on a visit from home, he had ventured to make what may be called

#### "THE GRAND TOUR" OF INDIA,

travelling *third-class*; and the result was an outlay of only £5 each for 5,000 miles of railway carriage a sovereign or 15 rupees for a thousand miles, showing how cheap the India railway rates are. Nor was the result unpleasant; for the natives were most considerate all through in not crowding the Sahibs, in fact allowing them a whole seat; while the insight afforded during the trip into native life, customs, and talk was no slight gain to the Missionary.

## BACK IN MADRAS.

A VISIT TO SAIDAPET AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE  
AND MODEL FARM.

We must draw these wayside notes to an end; Southern India is too familiar to most of our readers to afford much room for comment. But we may mention how well pleased we were with the City of Madras on our second and longer visit, when we had time to inspect some of its notable institutions and public buildings under familiar guidance, and to enjoy the kind hospitality of several old and new friends. The "Christian College" (so identified with the name of Dr. Miller\* whom, unfortunately, we missed), the handsome commanding buildings for the High Courts, the fine office of the Bank of Madras, the Cathedral, the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro said to be the finest in the world,! Fort St. George, and the lofty and extensive building erected for the Y.M.C.A., all well repaid for our visits and our climbs to the summits of some of them. We had thus delightful views over a city of "magnificent distances," and distinguished by so much enterprise and marked progress, as entirely to belie the epithet 'benighted.' In Education alone, Madras—both

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\* We were startled to find a life-size statue of the Principal erected opposite the College: has such a thing ever happened before as a public benefactor being thus immortalised during his life-time? It would certainly have been in better taste if the money had been devoted to "Scholarships"; but Dr. Miller could not help the action of his admirers and he fled from Madras when the day of inauguration arrived! His own benefactions, and those of relatives in the far North of Caithness-shire, had much to do with the building of the College (it cost £50,000 in all and is one of the finest Colleges in India); while the large body of students who have always attended, and now more than ever before, is the best proof of the usefulness and success of this important institution.



city and presidency—stands first in India and surely, therefore,

“ ENLIGHTENED ”

is a term more suited for us to apply to its condition. Organized so recently as January 1890. the Young Men's Christian Association of Madras is a wonderful example of progressive usefulness; beginning with a membership of 201, R1,200 worth of property and 300 volumes in its Library—its membership is now 601; its property is worth R212,965 and the Library has 1,883 volumes. Mr. Geo. Benton Smith is a worthy successor of the first General Secretary, having his whole heart in his work; while the Hostel under the College Secretary, Rev. L. H. Larsen, has passed out of the region of experiment. The institution has all along had the advantage of a Physical Director in L. H. Beales, M.D., and the Gymnasium classes are among the most useful and popular. We have already described the great Y.M.C.A. development in Calcutta. Strange that Bombay should be behind its sister capitals; but we in Colombo have yet to do our part to follow at a modest but useful pace, the precedent set us by our Presidency neighbours.

One of our most interesting visits was to

FORT ST. GEORGE,

which may be said to be the first spot occupied by Englishmen on the East Coast of the Indian Peninsula. In St. Mary's Church we were anxious to inspect two tombs or memorial stones—that of one of Ceylon's greatest Governors (Sir Henry Ward who fell a victim to cholera a few weeks after leaving Colombo), and one of an early Governor of Madras, Mr. Yale, whose name is immortalised

as the Founder of Yale College, in New England where he had previously represented the British Government. We failed to find the latter ; but from the former we copied the following :—

Beneath  
are interred the remains of  
His Excellency  
SIR HENRY GEORGE WARD, K.G.C.M.G.  
Governor of Madras,  
Who died at Madras on the 2nd Aug. 1860,  
AGED 63.  
Dearly loved and deeply mourned.

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A morning's drive of some miles to

#### SAIDAPET

was well repaid by what we saw and learned, under the courteous guidance of the Principal of the College of Agriculture and Model Farm. The buildings, equipment and establishment are on a scale much beyond what has hitherto been attempted in Ceylon, and the Farm, so far as we could judge by the fields under cultivation and the growing crops, is all that could be desired as an example of good, orderly tillage. The institution as a whole "pays its way," which is saying a great deal, considering that the soil originally was far from being productive. The station, we thought very good, the river bounding the one side. A small portion near the College is devoted to a Botanic, Fruit and Vegetable Garden. We trust ere long to see good results from the Gangarooma Farm and Experimental Station of the Ceylon Government.

We had always regarded "the Blacktown" of Madras as indicating a very low, ill-drained, over-

crowded part of the city ; but the name is an entire misnomer as the streets and buildings—including many mercantile offices—were, so far as we saw, all that could be desired in a populous Eastern city and a great improvement on the Pettah of Colombo. The splendid

#### BEACH PROMENADE \*

with the accessories of gardens and parks, and the wide extent of sandy shore as one outcome of the harbour works, are great advantages to Madras. The ready way in which groves of “casuarina” (*C. Muricata?*) grow on the sandy shore and at intervals generally on the coast and again in the interior near to railway lines, struck us forcibly in the City and Presidency. More should be done with this tree on the drier coasts of Ceylon and wherever a quick-growing and first-class fuel tree is desired. The numerous fountains and watering troughs for animals—horses and cattle especially—also the convenient resting-places for men or women with burdens by the wayside, and the more elaborate covered wayside buildings, are all very pleasing features of Madras—the result of native thoughtfulness and benevolence. But, by way of

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\* This Madras owes to Governor Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, one of the most accomplished of Indian Governors, a Botanist, Scientist generally, and Scholar, whose “Minutes” will always be a treat to read. He did more to promote an exchange of seeds and plants with Kew than any Governor who ever came to the East, according to Sir W. T. Dyer. He created the Seaside Promenade at Madras, on the model of the Marina of Palermo—“softly fanned by the gentle sea-breeze, on summer nights the gayest of all the gay promenades of Southern Europe,”—this struck Sir M. E. Grant-Duff’s fancy so much, that he reproduced it on a larger scale for his capital city when Governor of Madras. Italian visitors have since been heard to exclaim on the resemblance to Palermo ! We enjoyed seeing the trees, shrubs and flowers in the grounds about Government House and the Banqueting Hall, of which this Governor has so much to say in his Indian Diary.

contrast, there is the great extent to which men are employed to do the work of bullocks in dragging and pushing heavily-loaded carts. The scarcity or absence of "rickshaws" here (as in other parts of India) on the other hand is explained by a dislike to employ men-drawn carriages!—but surely the Buddhist theory which has operated in Japan, China, and Ceylon is the more correct, namely that men employed to draw their fellow-men can complain when over-taxed which horses and oxen cannot!

It was a pleasure to meet Professors of the Colleges, officials of the University, merchants and editors, to see the venerable Dr. Murdoch looking so well in his adopted city, to meet Mr. Organe of the Bible Society with his wide knowledge of Southern India and many earnest and able Agents of the London Missionary Society, some from stations so wide apart as Cocanada and Travancore; and in the hospitable home at Vepery we had delightful reunions.—It was surprising to find no gas in Madras streets at night; but the enormous distances included in the city afford a partial explanation. [Where but in Madras can a resident have a golf link of nine holes laid out within his own compound; or in another case a stretch of a mile between his gates!] The electric tramways serve the public well, and we noticed that the travelling here, as in other Indian cities, was done more slowly, and apparently more carefully, than we have seen to be sometimes the case in Colombo. In respect of Harbour, Steamer and Hotel accommodation, our neighbours fully recognise the superiority of Colombo! Docks are talked of in connection with the Madras "breakwaters"; but we do not suppose that will mend matters much. Madras is quite

prepared to welcome an

#### INDO-CEYLON RAILWAY,

or even the improved facilities which the Madura-Paumben Railway and a steamer service from Paumben to Colombo (until the Jaffna-Colombo Railway is fully opened) will afford. The route for tourists who desire to "do" India ought undoubtedly, more and more, to be *via* Colombo (so including Ceylon in the programme) and Southern India to Madras, rather than entering by way of Bombay, when Southern India and Ceylon are too often omitted from the tour. The relations between the Madras Presidency and this island are bound, year by year, to grow closer. The indebtedness of Ceylon for supplies of food and, above all, of coolies (the best, most docile and cheapest labour in the world), cannot be over-estimated and we trust a good understanding will always prevail between the authorities and the intelligent "public" on both sides of the "ferry." We left Madras with regret, feeling that we could well spend a much longer time there with pleasure and profit.

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#### MADRAS TO MADURA.

Our notes are drawing to an end. We tried on our way back from Madras, as far as possible, to travel by day through the country which we passed over at night on our way Northwards. And it was very cheering to see continuous flourishing crops and evidence of abundance of rains in the different districts right along to Madura. We had a very interesting companion for part of the way in the Hon. Dewan Bahadur S. Srinivasa Raghavaiyangar, C.I.E, Member of the Council of the Governor of

Madras, who was on a tour of inspection in connection with Registration. His bulky volume on the

#### PROGRESS OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY

for a series of years is a standard book of reference, and we had pleasure in reviewing it favourably, immediately on its appearance. Chingleput was the first station of interest, with its fine tank, groves of coconuts, and picturesque remains of an old Fort; there are also architectural remains in the neighbourhood in some of which a Buddhist origin is traced. After Villupuram, the junction station whence branch lines run to Pondicherry and Gudur, we rapidly approached the sea and we were much attracted by the approach to, and general surroundings of, Cuddalore with its groves of palms and other trees, the two rivers, Ponnai and Gadilam, the proximity of the sea and the evidence of a fertile district with a well-to-do people. This is the headquarters of the South Arcot district, 127 miles from Madras. Crossing the Coleroon river, we enter the well-cultivated Tanjore district with its many rivers which we successively passed while running South-West-ward for Tanjore Junction. Before reaching this point, we stop at

#### KUMBAKONAM,

one of the most ancient towns in South India and at one time the capital of the Chola Kingdom, now a centre of Brahmanical religion and literature and sometimes called the Indian "Cambridge."

#### TANJORE AND TRICHINOPOLY

are both important and interesting towns from an archæological as well as historical point of view—the former having about 60,000, the latter nearly

100,000 people—and both owe much of their prosperity to the crops induced by the waters of the Cauvery and the grand anicuts which control the irrigation of the surrounding districts.\* We had no time, however, to stay off at either place, giving the preference to

#### MADURA

(the capital of the ancient Pandyan Kingdom which had such close relations with our own Kandyen Kingdom for many hundreds of years†), as, on the whole, the most interesting town in this part of India, and the one of which the architecture in Palace and Temple was most typical of the Dravidian or Southern Hindu Style. Our day here, under the hospitable and experienced guidance of the Rev. J. and Mrs. Chandler of the American Mission, was extremely interesting though we could not bring ourselves to admire the gloomy, vast and comparatively rough work in the Dravidian “temples of the South,” after the exquisite conceptions in marble, the tracery and mosaics which distinguish the Mogul mosques, tombs and palaces in Agra and Delhi. We had in 1891 visited the Rameswaram temple, and this to a great extent prepared us for the great Temple of Madura, some 850 by 730 feet with its 9 gopuras or gateways, one of which was over 150 feet high. There is much, of course, to command attention and experts like Fergusson describe some of the carving as “superb,” the finest in all Southern India. We were most interested in the little chamber built

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\* The Cauvery serves 429,000 acres; the Vennaar 398,000.

† In the Madras Museum, there is a gold coin which was found in Madura: it was struck by the Roman Emperor Claudius to commemorate the conquest of Britain!

by Queen Mangammal, in the Hall of the thousand pillars and in Tirumala's Choultrie, a hall which, built nearly 300 years ago, is said to have cost the equivalent of a million sterling. The corridor in the temple at Madura is by no means so impressive as that at Rameswaram; but there is a greater show of carving and imagery.

#### PALACE OF TIRUMALA

—the greatest of Madura princes and rulers, who mounted the throne in 1623—afforded us greater pleasure. The granite pillars, supporting scalloped arches, are splendidly massive and the *tout ensemble* effective and imposing. The throne-room and other chambers—now utilised as public offices—have been suitably restored and with the corridors and galleries afford a good idea of the arrangements of the old Palace. Two black basaltic pillars, monoliths, 18 feet high, in one of the most elegant rooms, now occupied as the Judge's Court, are especially notable. Climbing to the roof of the Palace, we had delightful views of the city and its surroundings up to the Pulney and other hill ranges. The town is well laid out, clean and with good roads, shaded by umbrageous trees in the suburbs and neighbourhood. A wide extent of cultivation was also dotted by groves of palms and other fruit trees—the coconuts in Madura bear fairly well, but the nuts are ridiculously small as compared with our Colombo nuts. The village of Pasumalai, three miles off, and the site of a branch of the American Mission, including the important College with which Dr. Jones (now in America) has been identified, were noted and we marked the course of the Vaigai river which, running by the town, reaches the sea at Paumben. Madura is a very



important centre of Mission work under the auspices of the American Board whose Agents have been at work here since 1834, and are in a fair way to accomplish for the district what the Church Mission has accomplished in Tinnevely and the London Mission in South Travancore. We were greatly interested in the admirably-built and well-equipped

#### MISSION HOSPITAL

for men under the care of Dr. Van Allen—the cost of which has been almost entirely provided by grateful native patients, who are attended to here with as much care as is shown to patients in any hospital in Europe or America. Not less useful and admirable in its way is the sister hospital for women under Miss Dr. Parker with competent native assistants. The High and other Schools were not in session; but we saw and learned enough to show the great importance of the work carried on in the “Lucy Noble” institution for Christian women agents; while “work in the city” and “work in the villages” appeared to be admirably organised. A visit to the Industrial School or School of Art showed a number of pupils at work in different departments and some excellent work in wood carving, brass and other metals. A drive round the suburbs was very enjoyable: it revealed to us in full flower a talipot palm—so rare a growth in this part of the country that most people did not know what it was. [It is more common in parts of Travancore, though its home is more especially with us in Ceylon.] The

#### FASHIONABLE DRIVE

of Madura took us round a curiously-isolated tank fenced with a stone coping and parapet wall and, on an island in the centre, a lofty pagoda and

temple shrine. Not far off is a famous banyan tree, covering a space of some 200 yards in circumference. Crossing the river, we found a younger town extending into the country by a series of modern residences on clear elevated ground which commanded wide scenic views. "Elephant rock," a solid block of gneiss, some 250 feet high, and two miles long, is a feature in the landscape to the North-East.

The town of Madura from its central and commanding position is sure to increase in commercial importance. It is situated some 440 feet above sea-level and will soon number 100,000 people, who have an excellent water supply and are surrounded by a fertile and highly-cultivated country—paddy and plantains being two agricultural staples. The number of goods and other trains which we saw leaving Madura during our short stay surprised us and the traffic must be much increased when the new

#### RAILWAY TO PAUMBEN,

which leaves at this point, is completed, about the end of this year perhaps. We should expect the Madura-Paumben-Colombo route to supersede that *via* Tuticorin, and undoubtedly this last port is bound to suffer. The sea trip along the coast by steamer to Paumben should be less troublesome than the crossing of the Gulf of Mannar to Tuticorin; while it is possible that, later on, the Ceylon Northern Railway to Jaffna and Kangesanturai may be utilised and a flat-bottomed steamer employed to carry passengers thence in still water to the Paumben or Rameswaram terminus. All this until the day comes—as come it must before the new century is very old—when the Indo-Ceylon Rail-

way *via* Mannar and Adam's Reef joins on to the Madura-Paumben-Rameswaram Railway now under construction.

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### TO TUTICORIN AND ACROSS.

Nothing of interest marked our trip back to Tuticorin—we noticed in passing very few coolies at the Tataparai Dépôt—or our crossing by the ss. “Ethiopia,” save that the discomfort of the crowded steam-launch, with its comparatively long trip over the shallow roadstead, was accentuated by a very choppy sea, and must have made all who were there, long for the better and calmer Paumben route. Landing at Colombo on the morning of 20th December, we were thankful to have accomplished, in our 45 days' absence, over

### 6,000 MILES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING

throughout the length and breadth of the Continent of India without accident of any kind, and with a minimum of discomfort. This is evidence of good management on the part of the many Railway Companies to be found between Tuticorin and Lahore, Delhi on to Darjeeling, and between Calcutta and Madras. We were saved much trouble as travellers by putting ourselves in the hands of

MESSRS. THOMAS COOK & SON,

whose managers we found very attentive and obliging at Bombay and Calcutta as well as in Colombo before our start.

# INDIA AT THE END OF 1901.

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## SOME REFLECTIONS ON "NOTES BY THE WAY" DURING A TRIP OF 8,000 MILES.

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Several readers, both in Ceylon and the United Kingdom, have been good enough to say that they have enjoyed, and profitted by, our Wayside Notes, because they described the towns and districts of India traversed, as seen not by a stranger to oriental life, but by one who had been a tropical resident for forty years. This may be the too flattering opinion of friends and acquaintances; but it is undoubtedly true that some degree of familiarity with the East is necessary to the proper understanding of the people and country. We have long held that no one should aspire to be a Cabinet Minister, much less Premier, unless he had, as a branch of education or training, made the round of the British Empire and especially seen India for himself throughout its length and breadth. Such a solitary visit would by no means suffice to give familiarity and authority; but it would enlarge the vision and understanding and enable a statesman ever afterwards, to grasp facts connected with India and Greater Britain, with much more perspicuity and precision. It has often been a matter of speculation, how much greater and more useful Mr. Gladstone would have been as a statesman if he had visited India, Australia, and North America in his early or middle life! Mr. Chamberlain has not, and Lord Rosebery has, had this advantage, and it must have had much to do with the imperial attitude and the firm and clear tone of the latter as Foreign Minister. But the statesman's tour, at any rate through India, should be repeated every ten years; and from this point of view it is also a pity that Meredith Townsend, keen observer and trained publicist as he is, did not re-visit the East and witness for himself the great changes

which have taken place since he quitted India over forty years ago, before sending through the press the notable volume of Essays which has been so widely read and criticized during the last few months. We cannot help thinking that the pessimistic tone of some parts of the volume would have been modified had Mr. Townsend studied India and its people as they are to-day on the spot. And yet we may be told that Mr. Townsend's pessimism is as nothing to that of Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Naoroji and our old friend, Mr. Digby, in the book he has just published.\* But these severe critics of British administration deal more with the produce, finances, charges, and poverty of the country than with the attitude, feeling, moral and mental inclinations of the people towards their rulers; and while we should not for a moment put ourselves forward as an authority in respect of "poverty" and financial administration, we cannot believe that there is any considerable portion of the people—even among the Muhammadans—who are inimical to British rule, or who cherish any dream of a change. Rather we should say that the people, and especially, the educated portion, more and more realise that for better or worse, their fate is bound up with that of the British Raj and that they are becoming more and more accustomed to its idiosyncracies and more appreciative of all that is good in it, with reference to the equal administration of justice, and their own uplifting by means of education and material improvements. Here again, we may be asked,—what about the silent, toiling and too often starving

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\* There is also Mr. MacLean, ex-M.P., formerly editor of the *Bombay Gazette* who recently wrote (we cannot help thinking from the point of view of a disappointed parliamentarian):—"Observers who look below the surface are well aware that India was never more profoundly disaffected to British rule than she is at the present moment, that she was never governed with less regard for the wishes and interests of the subject races, and that it is only the hopelessness of resistance which prevents the outbreak of formidable popular insurrections. The old good feeling between conqueror and conquered, which thirty years ago seemed to be of constant and rapid growth, has now died out, and the gulf between European and Native is more firmly fixed than ever."—Who are the "observers who look below the surface" if not the Public Servants and Missionaries, often the only Europeans in large Districts of India.

peoples in agricultural districts where poverty and even famine, so often prevail? We cannot speak of these from any personal observation: but we have seen much through the eyes of missionaries and other famine workers, noble men and women who have, all over India—from Madras in the South, to Calcutta and Delhi in the North—established orphanages and industrial schools for children saved from the latest famine affliction, in the Central and North West Provinces. Then again, the way in which the Government is trying to revive old and introduce new, industries through the medium of Art, Normal, and Industrial Schools connected with Museums, not only in principal, but in many minor towns, is most commendable and the result must be very considerable year by year, as industries are fed or started by competent workmen and native capitalists. Many of such trained and other science pupils may be expected to be useful in exploiting untouched parts of the country in connection with a variety of minerals known to be available and workable at remunerative rates. Mr. Jesse Collings recently averred that the mineral resources of India are undeveloped, practically untouched. No less should the many Experimental Gardens, and Model Farms, and Forest Schools tell on some branches of Agriculture, the mainstay after all for generations to come, of such a country as India. But, how about the slow “bleeding to death” which one or two extreme critics would make out? Well we believe that things are not so bad with the patient, toiling workers in the soil as was made out. On the other hand, we have been strong believers for many years in the unwisdom of increasing, in place of reducing, the Military Expenditure of India. A succession of expensive frontier wars have been the curse of Indian budgets for a long time. Money thus spent or in many cases wasted, might have been devoted to irrigation (to the digging of wells especially), to canals, roads and railways, with the greatest advantage to agriculturists. All this is most fully realised by the able and devoted staff of Civil Administrators in the present day and by none more fully than by Lord Curzon as may be judged from the Famine and Irrigation Commissions and other means of arriving at the best means of amelioration. The great complaint of Mr. Naoroji and others

is that so many millions of revenue are collected, only to be shipped away to Europe, without, as it is said "any equivalent." In olden times, even if the taxes were higher, all the collections were spent in the country and came back somehow to the hands of the people. This is very plausible, but cannot bear close examination and analysis. A large portion of the remittances are for interest on money advanced for railways and other public works, and surely no one can deny the benefit these have conferred and that they are a beneficial investment. [Of course, if native capitalists and bankers were only enlightened and patriotic enough to take up such loans, the interest and capital payments would be kept in the country.] Much more open to objection are the heavy "home charges" on military account; while no less so is the drain for "pensions" censured. But as regards the first and indeed all approved military outlay, the question must be, Is the Roman peace now established for the first time in the history of India, worth this cost? We believe Military Expenditure could and should be reduced; but meantime it ought to be regarded as an insurance premium annually paid to secure the blessings of peace. Pensions and high salaries are so much insurance for the advantage of a devoted, incorruptible civil administration—a benefit, surely, almost unknown to the people of India previous to the proper organisation of the present Civil Service. How freely, educated natives are beginning to take a part in this Service may be judged from our experience in the one province of Orissa where both Commissioner and Collector were native gentlemen, highly spoken of by missionary and other European residents. It is generally admitted now that admission to the Service should "not be based on colour, race or nationality; but on *fitness* acquired through one's education, *training and environment*." The vast number of natives and Eurasians who have found employment on the railway system of India, must be seen, at least in part, to be appreciated: and so, of course, with the large majority of appointments in other departments. As regards social and religious progress much might be said. Even critics of the British administration admit that the natives' social advance during the past century has been enormous while if Government

give "a good sound education" to the people as Mr. Romesh Dutt puts it, the latter may be trusted to make a good use of it. One indispensable step has reference to the education and uplifting of women, and National Congress delegates and other would-be reformers cannot have it too often impressed on them that the greatest reform of all has to begin in the home. As Mr. Jesse Collings well asked in Calcutta the other day,—“Can a people ever be educated in the sense of being cultured, unless women are included in it and take their place as equals in the social life of the native?” A great deal has been done and a great deal more is doing in this direction, and the effect of all the female education and industrial training now being imparted throughout India will become more and more visible for good during the successive decades of the present century. As for the progress of Christianity in India, no one can have met scores and hundreds of workers in the field of Missions, as we did during our six weeks' tour in India, without being deeply impressed with the firm belief felt in the reality of the work, the advance made and still more the bright prospect for the future. The increase shown in the Census of last year over that of 1891,—is but a slight foretaste of what, we are convinced, the next decade will have to show. We could not help again and again recalling a sentence of Sir Emerson Tennent in his “Christianity in Ceylon,” written fully fifty years ago when he said:—“It is not unreasonable to suppose that the last conquests of Christianity may be achieved with incomparably greater rapidity than has marked its earlier progress and signalized its first success; and that in the instance of India, ‘the ploughman may overtake the reaper, the treader of grapes, him that soweth the seed,’ and the type of the prophet be realized, that ‘a nation shall be born in a day?’” There are probably many thousands of secret Christians in India not counted in the Census. The need of more festivals, holidays and occasions of rejoicing among native Christians is becoming apparent.

It would be most dangerous to generalize from what is seen on the beaten track of the visitor who keeps to the great railway lines of communication: but still we are justified in bearing testimony to the courtesy, docility and patience of the people;



whether we were amidst the Tamils of Southern Madras, the lively and varied trading and labouring classes of Bombay, the more sedate traders and workers in Rajputana, the Mahomedans of Dehli and Agra, the Sikhs of Lahore and Amritsar, or the great masses of Hindus observed in the bazaars of Lucknow, Benares, and Calcutta, the hillmen of Darjeeling, or, yet again, the Ooriya and Telugu speaking folk on the East Coast. We never during our 6,000 miles of journeying saw a woman or little child ill-treated, nor for that matter a drunken man, nor yet again, any quarrelling to speak of; but we came across some instances of oppression by Policemen and other subordinates clad with 'a little brief authority.' At the same time, we do not share the recent criticism of Members of Parliament in regard to the management of Railways and the treatment of native passengers in the third classes. The only overcrowding we saw was due to the determination of the people, to force their way in, against all efforts of railway porters to keep them out. When a time of festival is approaching—as we found to be the case at Lucknow and Cawnpore—nothing but special trains can cope with the pressure of native passengers and indeed the marvellous way in which the people patronize the railways in their thousands and hundreds of thousands in all parts of India in the present day, is a revelation. We have seen nothing in Ceylon to equal it and it is surely a matter deserving enquiry as to the objects of the majority—they cannot all and always be going on pilgrimages—and wherever also the money for travelling is obtainable? We should say that while there are some large districts in India, poverty if not famine stricken, there are large expanses elsewhere with a thriving population as well off as in any Sinhalese district in Ceylon, and that is saying a great deal. Recurring to Railway travelling, again, we had no such unfortunate experience as Mr. Hamlin has been recently experiencing in Southern India; and along the main lines, the refreshment rooms seemed to us fairly satisfactory, in some cases very good.

Of books on India for the traveller, "Murray's Handbook" is by far the handiest and most generally useful; but the need of certain corrections became apparent at nearly every town in

which we tested it. The native guides, in some instances, were quite ready to point out blunders in "Murray." Small local guide-books and histories were very useful for Lucknow, Benares, Orissa, Darjeeling, etc. Perhaps, the greatest benefit derived from a prolonged journey throughout India is found in the far deeper and more personal interest which it induces in all that has been written about the people and country. In our own case, an entirely new light has been cast on books which we had supposed to have read pretty carefully; while we anticipate a much greater pleasure for the future in taking up any volume dealing with the races, religions or history of any divisions of India. No less attractive will be Anglo-Indian or native biographies, romances, or tales; and for this result as well as for the many hints obtained, bearing on possible improvements in Ceylon, our special regret must be that we did not make the trip of November-December last between Tuticorin and Lahore or Darjeeling, TWENTY TO THIRTY YEARS EARLIER.





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